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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

CLERGYMEN AS POLITICIANS.

From The N. Y. Express.

In the days of Mr. Jefferson, the clergy of New England—not all, but the great majority—began to act, and did act, as politicians, and the consequence was that they not only lost their hold upon, and respect in, the community, but they ultimately changed their own *professions* of religion, so that New England, in some good degree, quit what was known as Congregationalism, and ran into Baptism, Methodism, etc., or, at last, into Unitarianism and Universalism. The people, in short, shook off this clergy, and thus, in a good degree, compelled their clergy to change their religions.

Now, once more, the clergy of New England, after involving us in civil war, because of their impertinent interference with the society and organizations of other States of the Union, and with business with which, as clergymen, they had nothing to do—*now*, we say, once more, a portion of the New England clergy, with coöperating clergymen elsewhere, propose to prolong the civil war by adding on to the horrors of civil war the horrors of a servile war—*blood*, more BLOOD—the blood of innocent women and children, of infants, even, to the blood of men.

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What have you to do, reverened gentlemen, with slaves more than your great Master had, when He and His apostles lived among millions of slaves? What have you to do with Cæsar or the politics of Cæsar? Why thus pervert your business, your salaries, into political machinations when the whole country is steeped in sin, *personal, individual* sin, and demands your conversion of the *individuals*, not of the States? The SOULS of men, not States of men, is your vocation. Mind your own business, then, and let other people mind theirs. Remember, that under our form of government, the institution of Southern slavery no more concerns you than the institutions of Cuba, or Brazil, or China, or British Hindostan. You are, in spirit and intent, breaking the very form of government under which you live, as well as violating the principles and precedents of the holy religion you preach.

The clergymen of this country, if they thus dabble in politics, must be met, here, as in Spain and in Italy, by all sorts of popular resistance. When priests become politicians, they become the most dangerous classes of society. No institution of men has been so dangerous to liberty, and law, and progress as priests, when quitting religion to become politicians. They were the authors of the Inquisition. They have created a hundred civil wars. They deluged Europe in blood for a century. If this political organization of theirs be persisted in, we advise the people, in all ways, and in every proper and possible way, to meet them on Sundays, as well as week days—in all the charities, and in all the institutions of learning, in colleges and free schools—until at last the line is thoroughly drawn between political priests and priests of the holy religion of our Father and Saviour.

THE RADICAL CLERGY.

From The Journal of Commerce.

FAR be it from us to deny to the clergy the right to exercise the privileges of American citizens, in their capacity as citizens. But in their official gowns, and in the name of their holy calling, to hold meetings of this kind, is, to say the least, a very dangerous business, and one which may bring sorrow to the Church. In all countries where the clergy have attempted to instruct the people in their political course, using their position as ministers of God, bearing His message to men, they have not only failed to do good, but have always brought terrible evils on Church and State alike. If twenty, or fifty, or a thousand clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church were to meet and issue to the President of the United States an address urging on him a course with regard to some public question concerning which they exercised their priestly office to give advice, we should hear the Protestant clergy protesting against the attempt to introduce Jesuitical domination into American politics. Whenever this course is pursued by either Protestant or Catholic clergy, it is the commencement of an attempt to use the power of the Church, the commission given by the Master to His ministers, in the control of human affairs, such as He never attempted in His work among men, and such as His apostles never thought of in their practice among the heathen nations whom they were sent to convert. Such attempts necessarily bring discredit on the Church, and destroy the sacred character of the ministry.

The course taken by some of the clergy, the noisy and self-admiring portion, in our political troubles, has already been disastrous to true religion. Infidelity has crept into the very Church itself, while these watchers on the walls have been dreaming of political glory, or carousing with politicians in the streets of the city. It was but recently we published the expression of a representative of the United States at a foreign court, "to doubt the success of our cause would be to doubt the justice of God." Whence came this infidel sentiment? For it is nothing else. God is just, though every man be a liar. He is just, though in His wisdom He see fit to destroy our Union, and make us a by-word and scoff among nations. What human mind dare say He is unjust in any of the measures he decrees for the fate of men, or of thrones, or of constitutions? Yet this idea has gained strength from the teachings of a portion of the American clergy, who, instead of praying in garments of humility, have put on the toga of the political orator, and professed, in their twofold character, to announce to men the rules which God *must pursue* in His dealings with them, and the future which He *must bring about* to satisfy the demands of their moral law.

There is not in all the history of the past two years a darker page than that which records the division of the American Churches. It was brought about by Northern and Southern clergymen insisting on subjecting the Church to the purposes of the State. They severed the holiest bond of union between North and South in their attempt to use the commission of the Divine Master for the control of earthly politics. They soiled the garments of their high calling, defaced the image of their Leader and Director, which should always be visible in the life and conversation of His ministers. They made the Church to be a despised political machine in this little corner of the universe—the Church which He made to be one body, including the prophets, apostles and martyrs of all times, all ages, all countries; for aught we know, all planets, all stars!

To those clergymen who propose to meet again and use their character as God's messengers for the control of this miserable negro question in America, we claim the right to be bearers of a message which they seem never to have heard, though it sounds down the ages from the peaceful hills of Galilee. It is the message of the Gospel of Peace. It is the message your forgotten Lord—forgotten in your political assemblies—gave to you, but which it is necessary for those who should receive it from you to deliver to you. It was summed up in the blessing He promised on the peace-makers. It was the blessing promised through Him by the angels at Bethlehem. It is the blessing which this sad old world will realize only when the ministers of Christ go forth humbly and prayerfully to preach and to teach the simple, holy, peace-giving doctrines of the religion of the Child of Bethlehem.

It is not for you to preach *patriotism*. The word, the idea, is nowhere in your commission. Christ and His apostles never named it as a Christian virtue. It is no part of the Christian religion. Saints and martyrs gone long since to God, an innumerable company, are ashamed—if shame can reach the heavenly abodes—are ashamed of you their unworthy successors among men, that you debase the religion of Christ to the purposes of poor human passions, and the upholding or the overthrow of poor human institutions. "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves, *but beware of men*." They will not only persecute you, but they will seduce you into all their schemes of human aggrandizement, will use your sacred calling for their selfish ends, will sell your religious character and appropriate the payment to themselves, and when they have stained your reputations, destroyed your purity, reduced you to the low grade of the pot-house politician, or the radical member of a brawling Congress, they will turn you out "roofless and shivering," and then your Master will disown you forever.

This Union may be saved. God willing, the men of America will save it in spite of rebellion, in spite of privy conspiracy, in spite of Church division, in spite of that radical, rancorous hatred which has been encouraged between North and South by political clergymen on both sides. But it is to be saved by human means, in the hands of God, and not by the "foolishness of preaching." Remember, then, your work and its requirements, your Master and His example. Go to the sinner with your message of truth, go to the sick with the consolations of the promises, go to the dying with the words that speak of heaven; but beware that as clergymen and servants of Christ you have no part or lot in the strife of politics, or the wars that desolate the earth, lest when you go up to the Throne with the report of your accomplished mission, some poor slaveholding rebel, saved by the all-merciful grace of the Savior of men, meet you at the foot of the Throne, in white robes, and point to the blood on your garments as the bar to your presence among the redeemed out of all ages, and peoples, and tongues.

Selections.

MRS. STOWE'S REPLY TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

[MRS. STOWE, in *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, replies to "the Affectionate and Christian Address of many thousands of Women of Great Britain and Ireland to their Sisters the Women of the United States of America," which, it will be remembered, was sent to this country more than eight years ago. Mrs. Stowe, after reproducing the Address and the names of some of the most eminent of the signers, proceeds as follows:]

THIS address, splendidly illuminated on vellum, was sent to our shores at the head of twenty-six folio volumes, containing considerably more than half a million of signatures of British women. It was forwarded to me with a letter from a British nobleman now occupying one of the highest official positions in England, with a request on behalf of these ladies that it should be in any possible way presented to the attention of my countrywomen.

This memorial, as it now stands in its solid oaken case, with its heavy folios, each bearing on its back the imprint of the American eagle, forms a most unique library, a singular monument of an intefnational expression of a moral idea.

No right-thinking person can find aught to be objected against the substance or the form of this memorial. It is temperate, just and kindly, and on the high ground of Christian equality, where it places itself, may be regarded as a perfectly proper expression of sentiment, as between blood-relations and equals in two different nations.

The signatures to this appeal are not the least remarkable part of it; for, beginnig at the very steps of the throne, they go down to the names of women in the very humblest conditions in life, and represent all that Great Britain possesses, not only of highest and wisest, but of plain, homely common-sense and good feeling. Names of wives of cabinet ministers appear on the same page with the names of wives of humble laborers—names of duchesses and countesses, of wives of generals, ambassadors, savans, and men of letters, mingled with names traced in trembling characters by hands evidently unused to hold the pen and stiffened by lowly toil. Nay, so deep and expansive was the feeling, that British subjects in foreign lands had their representation. Among the signatures are those of foreign residents from Paris to Jerusalem. Autographs so diverse, and collected from sources so various, have seldom been found in juxtaposition. They remain at this day a silent witness of a most singular tide of feeling which at that time swept over the British community, and *made* for itself an expression, even at the risk of offending the sensibilities of an equal and powerful nation.

No reply to that address, in any such tangible and monumental form, has ever been possible. It was impossible to canvass our vast territories with the zealous and indefatigable industry with which England was canvassed for signatures. In America, those possessed of the spirit which led to this efficient action had no leisure for it. All their time and energies were already absorbed in direct efforts to remove the great evil concerning which the minds of their English sisters had been newly aroused, and their only answer was the silent continuance of their efforts.

From the slaveholding States, however, as was to be expected, came a flood of indignant recrimination and rebuke. No one act, perhaps, ever produced more frantic irritation or called out more unsparing abuse. It came with the whole united weight of the British aristocracy and commonalty on the most diseased and sensitive part of our national life; and it stimulated that fierce excitement which was working before and has worked since till it has broken out into open war.

The time has come, however, when such an astonishing page has been turned in the anti-slavery history of America, that the women of our country, feeling that the great anti-slavery work to which their English sisters exhorted them is almost done, may properly and naturally feel moved to reply to their appeal, and lay before them the history of what has occurred since the receipt of their affectionate and Christian address.

[Mrs. Stowe then proceeds to unfold the history and character of the rebellion, showing that it had its origin in a conspiracy to extend and perpetuate slavery. After quoting copiously from Alexander H. Stephens as authority upon this point, she proceeds:]

On the other hand, the declarations of the President and the Republican party, as to their intention to restore "the Union as it was," require an explanation. It is the doctrine of the Republican party, that freedom is national and slavery sectional; that the Constitution of the United States was designed for the promotion of liberty, and not of slavery; that its framers contemplated the gradual abolition of slavery; and that in the hands of an anti-slavery majority it could be so wielded as peaceably to extinguish this great evil.

They reasoned thus. Slavery ruins land, and requires fresh territory for profitable working. Slavery increases a dangerous population, and requires an expansion of this population for safety. Slavery, then, being hemmed in by impassable limits, emancipation in each State becomes a necessity.

By restoring the Union as it was the Republican party meant the Union in the sense contemplated by the original framers of it, who, as has been admitted by Stephens, in his speech just quoted, were from principle opposed to slavery. It was, then, restoring a *status* in which, by the inevitable operation of natural laws, peaceful emancipation would become a certainty.

In the meanwhile, during the past year, the Republican Administration, with all the unwonted care of organizing an army and navy, and conducting military operations on an immense scale, have proceeded to demonstrate the feasibility of overthrowing slavery by purely constitutional measures. To this end they have instituted a series of movements which have made this year more fruitful in anti-slavery triumphs than any other since the emancipation of the British West Indies.

The District of Columbia, as belonging strictly to the National government, and to no separate State, has furnished a fruitful subject of remonstrance from British Christians with America. We have abolished slavery there, and thus wiped out the only blot of territorial responsibility on our escutcheon.

By another act, equally grand in principle, and far more important in its results, slavery is forever excluded from the Territories of the United States.

By another act, America has consummated the long-delayed treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave trade. In ports whence slave vessels formerly sailed with the connivance of the port-officers the Administration has placed men who stand up to their duty, and for the first time in our history the slave-trader is convicted and hung as a pirate. This abominable secret traffic has been wholly demolished by the energy of the Federal government.

Lastly, and more significant still, the United States government has in its highest official capacity taken distinct anti-slavery ground, and presented to the country a plan of peaceable emancipation with suitable compensation. This noble-spirited and generous offer has been urged on the slaveholding States by the Chief Executive with an earnestness and sincerity of which history in after-times will make honorable account in recording the events of Mr. Lincoln's Administration.

Now, when a President and Administration who have done all these things declare their intention of restoring "*the Union as it was*," ought not the world fairly to interpret their words by their actions and their avowed principles? Is it not *necessary* to infer that they mean by it the Union as it was in the intent of its anti-slavery framers, under which, by the exercise of normal constitutional powers, slavery should be peaceably abolished?

We are aware that this theory of the Constitution has been disputed by certain Abolitionists; but it is conceded, as you have seen, by the secessionists. Whether it be a just theory or not is, however, nothing to our purpose at present. We only assert that such is the professed belief of the present Administration of the United States, and such are the acts by which they have illustrated their belief.

But this is but half the story of the anti-slavery triumphs of this year. We have shown you what has been done for freedom by the simple use of the ordinary constitutional forces of the Union. We are now to show you what has been done to the same end by the constitutional war power of the nation.

By this power it has been this year decreed that every slave of a rebel who reaches the lines of our army becomes a free man; that all slaves found deserted by their masters become free men; that every slave employed in any service for the United States thereby obtains his liberty; and that every slave employed against the United States in any capacity obtains his liberty; and lest the army should contain officers disposed to remand slaves to their masters, the power of judging and delivering up slaves is denied to army-officers, and all such acts are made penal.

By this act, the Fugitive Slave law is for all present purposes practically repealed. With this understanding and provision, wherever our armies march they carry liberty with them. For be it remembered that our army is almost entirely a volunteer one, and that the most zealous and ardent volunteers are those who have been for years fighting with tongue and pen the Abolition battle. So marked is the character of our soldiers in this respect, that they are now familiarly designated in the official military dispatches of the Confederate States as "The Abolitionists." Conceive the results, when an army so empowered by national law, marches through a slave territory. One regiment alone has to our certain knowledge liberated two thousand slaves during the past year, and this regiment is but one out of hundreds.

* * * * * *

It is conceded on all sides, that, wherever our armies have had occupancy, there slavery has been practically abolished. The fact was recognized by President Lincoln in his last appeal to the loyal slave States to consummate emancipation.

Another noticeable act of our government in behalf of liberty is the official provision it makes for the wants of the thousands of helpless human beings thus thrown upon our care. Taxed with the burden of an immense war, with the care of thousands of sick and wounded, the United States government has cheerfully voted rations for helpless slaves, no less than wages to the helpful ones. The United States government pays teachers to instruct them, and overseers to guide their industrial efforts. A free-labor experiment is already in successful operation in the beautiful sea-islands in the neighborhood of Beaufort, which, even under most disadvantageous circumstances, is fast demonstrating how much more efficiently men will work from hope and liberty than from fear and constraint. Thus, even amid the roar of cannon and the confusion of war, cotton-planting, as a free-labor institution, is beginning its infant life to grow hereafter to a glorious manhood.

Lastly, the great, decisive measure of the war has appeared—*The President's Proclamation of Emancipation.*

This also has been much misunderstood and misrepresented in England. It has been said to mean virtually this: Be loyal, and you shall keep your slaves; rebel, and they shall be free.

But let us remember what we have just seen of the purpose and meaning of the Union to which the rebellious States are invited back. It is to a Union which has abolished slavery in the District of Columbia, and interdicted slavery in the Territories—which vigorously represses the slave trade, and hangs the convicted slaver as a pirate—which necessitates emancipation by denying expansion to slavery, and facilitates it by the offer of compensation. Any slaveholding States which should return to such a Union might fairly be supposed to return with the purpose of peaceable emancipation. The President's proclamation simply means this: Come in, and emancipate peaceably with compensation; stay out, and I emancipate, nor will I protect you from the consequences.

That continuance in the Union is thus understood is already made manifest by the votes of Missouri and Delaware in the recent elections. Both of these States have given strong majorities for emancipation. Missouri, long tending towards emancipation, has already planted herself firmly on the great rock of freedom, and thrown out her bold and eloquent appeal to the Free States of the North for aid in overcoming the difficulties of her position. Other States will soon follow; nor is it too much to hope that before a new year has gone far in its course the sacred fire of freedom will have flashed along the whole line of the Border States responsive to the generous proposition of the President and Congress, and that universal emancipation will have become a fixed fact in the American Union.

Will our sisters in England feel no heart-beat at that event? Is it not one of the predicted voices of the latter day, saying under the whole heavens, "It is done: the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ"?

And now, sisters of England, in this solemn, expectant hour, let us speak to you of one thing which fills our hearts with pain and solicitude.

It is an unaccountable fact, and one which we entreat you seriously to ponder, that the party which has brought the cause of freedom thus far on its way, during the past eventful year, has found little or no support in England. Sadder than this, the party which makes slavery the chief corner-stone of its edifice finds in England its strongest defenders.

The voices that have spoken for us who contend for liberty have been few and scattering. God forbid that we should forget those few noble voices, so sadly exceptional in the general outcry against us! They are, alas, too few to be easily forgotten. False statements have blinded the minds of your community, and turned the most generous sentiments of the British heart against us. The North are fighting for supremacy and the South for independence, has been the voice. Independence? for what? to do what? To prove the doctrine that all men are *not* equal. To establish the doctrine that the white may enslave the negro.

It is natural to sympathize with people who are fighting for their rights; but if these prove to be the right of selling children by the pound and trading in husbands and wives as merchantable articles, should not Englishmen think twice before giving their sympathy? A pirate-ship on the high seas is fighting for *independence!* Let us be consistent.

It has been said that we have been over-sensitive, thin-skinned. It is one inconvenient attendant of love and respect, that they do induce sensitiveness. A brother or father turning against one in the hour of trouble, a friend sleeping in the Gethsemane of our mortal anguish, does not always find us armed with divine patience. We loved England; we respected, revered her; we were bound to her by ties of blood and race. Alas! must all these declarations be written in the past tense?

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We have been shocked and saddened by the question asked in an association of Congregational ministers in England, the very blood-relations of the liberty-loving Puritans—"Why does not the North let the South go?"

What! give up the point of emancipation for these four million slaves? Turn our backs on them, and leave them to their fate? What! leave our white brothers to run a career of oppression and robbery, that, as sure as there is a God that ruleth in the armies of heaven, will bring down a day of wrath and doom?

Is it any advantage to people to be educated in man-stealing as a principle, to be taught systematically to rob the laborer of his wages, and to tread on the necks of weaker races? Who among you would wish your sons to become slave planters, slave merchants, slave dealers? And shall we leave our brethren to this fate? Better a generation should die on the battle-field, that their children may grow up in liberty and justice. Yes, our sons must die, their sons must die. We give ours freely; they die to redeem the very brothers that slay them; they give their blood in expiation of this great sin, begun by you in England, perpetuated by us in America, and for which God in this great day of judgment is making inquisition in blood.

In a recent battle fell a secession Colonel, the last remaining son of his mother, and she a widow. That mother had sold eleven children of an old slave mother, her servant. That servant went to her and said, "Missis, we even now. You sold all my children. God took all yourn. Not one to bury either of us. *Now*, I forgive you."

In another battle fell the only son of another widow. Young, beautiful, heroic, brought up by his mother in the sacred doctrines of human liberty, he gave his life an offering as to a holy cause. He died. No slave woman came to tell *his* mother of God's justice, for many slaves have reason to call her blessed.

Now we ask you, Would you change places with that Southern mother? Would you not think it a great misfortune for a son or daughter to be brought into such a system? a worse one to become so perverted as to defend it? Remember, then, that wishing success to this slavery-establishing effort is only wishing to the sons and daughters of the South all the curses that God has written against oppression. *Mark our words!* If we succeed, the children of these very men who are now fighting us will rise up to call us blessed. Just as surely as there is a God who governs in the world, so surely all the laws of national prosperity follow in the train of equity; and if we succeed, we shall have delivered the children's children of our misguided brethren from the wages of sin, which is always and everywhere death.

And now, sisters of England, think it not strange, if we bring back the words of your letter, not in bitterness, but in deepest sadness, and lay them down at your door. We say to you: Sisters, you have spoken well; we have heard you; we have heeded; we have striven in the cause, even unto death. We have sealed our devotion by desolate hearth and darkened homestead—by the blood of sons, husbands and brothers. In many of our dwellings the very light of our lives has gone out; and yet we accept the life-long darkness as our own part in this great and awful expiation, by which the bonds of wickedness shall be loosed, and abiding peace established on the foundation of righteousness. Sisters, what have *you* done, and what do you mean to do?

In view of the decline of the noble anti-slavery fire in England, in view of all the facts and admissions recited from your own papers, we beg leave in solemn sadness to return to you your own words:

"A common origin, a common faith, and, we sincerely believe, a common cause, urge us, at the present moment, to address you on the subject" of that fearful encouragement and support which is being afforded by England to a slaveholding Confederacy.

"We will not dwell on the ordinary topics—on the progress of civilization, on the advance of freedom everywhere, on the rights and requirements of the nineteenth century; but we appeal to you very seriously to reflect and to ask counsel of God how far such a state of things is in accordance with His Holy Word, the inalienable rights of immortal souls, and the pure and merciful spirit of the Christian religion.

"We appeal to you, as sisters, as wives, and as mothers, to raise your voices to your fellow-citizens, and your prayers to God for the removal of this affliction and disgrace from the Christian world."

In behalf of many thousands of American women,

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Washington, Nov. 27, 1862.

A WHITE WOMAN SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

[A correspondent of *The Tribune*, who accompanied the recent expedition to North Island in search of contrabands, tells the following story of a white woman sold into slavery.]

IN visiting the different huts on North Island, I found a white family, by the name of Meshowe, living in one of them. They were from the country bordering on the Peace River. The head of the family was in Beaufort, attending to some special business. His wife lay sick in bed. On conversing with the family about their domestic affairs, I found the daughter was a widow, and had been married four years. Her husband had belonged to the rebel army, and was killed in one of the recent battles in Virginia. In course of the conversation she remarked she had been sold into slavery. I asked for the bill of sale, and she produced that disgraceful piece of paper. Here is a copy of it:

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—Know All Men By These Presents, That I, Emanuel Cribb, of Georgetown, District of State aforesaid, for and in consideration of the sum of five dollars by James Pressley, of the State and District aforesaid, to me in hand paid at and before the sealing and delivery of these presents the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, have bargained and sold by these presents, do bargain, sell and deliver to the said James Pressley, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, all my right, title or interest of to or in my wife, Magga A. Cribb, daughter of J. M. Meshowe. To have and to hold said Magga A. Cribb unto the said James Pressley, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, to his and their only proper use and behoof forever.

And I, the said Emanuel Cribb, my heirs, executors and administrators, do convey the said bargained premises unto the said James Pressley, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns from and against all persons, shall and will warrant and forever defend by these presents.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, dated at Small Hopes (a church), on the 13th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty, and in the eighty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of STEPHEN A. CRIBB, THOMPSON CRIBB. EMANUEL CRIBB.

On the back of the bill of sale were the same above words, written in ink made of gunpowder, but it not being very distinct, I could not decipher every part of it. Mrs. Cribb, however, assured me that the language was the same, with the exception of Jas. Pressley signing the document and selling her to her father, instead of Emanuel Cribb. Mrs. Cribb's witnesses were Saml. Howel, Wm. Hall, Sol. Hennessy, Caleb Howell, John Davis and Thos. Williams. It will be noticed at the close of the above document the words—in the eighty-fourth year of the Independence. What a sad commentary on the immortal words of Jefferson that flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, can be brought to the block and sold to the highest bidder for cash in the puny, miserable, contemptible State of South Carolina.

The cause of the sale of this white lady into slavery for life (through whose veins courses the Anglo-Saxon blood, and who has no negro taint about her) was simply this: About three months before this foul stain upon the free institutions of our country was committed, Mrs. Cribb resided with her husband and another family by the name of Harrel, in the same house, at North Inlet, in the district of Georgetown. She was engaged in washing, and had built a fire under a pot filled with water in the yard. Mrs. Harrel approached Mrs. Cribb and demanded that the fire should be put out, or else it would set fire to the house. Mrs. Cribb refused to comply; her husband then stepping up kicked the pot over. She very calmly stood it on its legs, when her husband kicked it over again, and caught her and beat her so very badly that she was confined to her bed for three weeks with intense suffering. After she was able to go about she left her husband's house and went to live with her father. Her husband came, demanded, and sold her for the paltry sum of five dollars to James Pressley. This was done in a legal manner, as I have shown, and the noble, thrice gallant State of South Carolina—the land of a Marion, a Sumter, a Hayne—may boast of their liberal laws, whose extreme liberality puts to blush the wisdom, the humanity and the benevolence of this enlightened age of the world.

MRS. CRIBB'S STATEMENT.

She remarked she was ever kind and faithful to her husband, and never gave him cause for such ill-treatment. Her husband was a lazy, idle brute, and would not work. She had to support him and had to do work that was only fitted for men, such as splitting rails, grubbing the ground, cutting down trees, etc. She says she only was in slavery four weeks, and considers she was sold high and that others have been sold for much less. If the purchaser desires the children, they can be bought along with the mother, and they are slaves until twenty-one years of age. If he does not want them, the mother has to give up the children, even if it be a babe at her breast, and leave it behind to the husband or the cold charity of the world.

The mother is in every respect a slave, with one exception. She is compelled to do all sorts of work, but the owner cannot make her his concubine; then the law steps in to shield her from such an infamous outrage. If the purchaser is determined, through malice, to hold his slave, no amount of money can make him sell the unfortunate woman back into freedom. The selling of wives is not uncommon in South Carolina, especially when their health is broken down, and they are unable to do hard work. Mrs. Cribb says that seven were sold in her neighborhood during the month of her sale. In one of these cases a brother purchased his sister's freedom, and the husband became a maniac, having lost his reason from a consciousness of having disgraced himself beyond all bounds.

The above statement of Mrs. Cribb I give for what it is worth. If there be no law on the Statute Books of the State of South Carolina legalizing the sale of wives of the Anglo-Saxon blood—as it is said by some—and I certainly desire to give South Carolina the benefit of the doubt, even in her present treasonable character, for the sake of the credit of our country and the free institutions which, respecting the white race, have always abounded in every State; and even if Mrs. Cribb has overstated the case, of one thing I am certain from other corresponding witnesses (her father being one, and examined by me in Beaufort, S. C., 130 miles distant from the daughter), that such sales do take place, at least among the poorer classes of this State.

That whether the bills of sale are legal or not, they are regularly transferred to one another with a certain show of legality and regard to the forms of law; and that the husbands, whenever they get tired of their wives, and desire to put them away and obtain others, do go through the forms of the bills of sale. That the local authorities take no cognizance of the many cases of bigamy that are constantly occurring around them, to the great detriment of the morals of the State and the rights of the poor women who have no one of the opposite sex to rise up in the majesty of manhood and defend them from insult, oppression, and deprivation of all the sacred ties that are dear to a woman's heart.

EMANCIPATIONISTS IN THREE CLASSES.

From The St. Louis Democrat.

THERE appear to be three kinds of Emancipationists in Missouri just at this time, and a classification of them with their individual idiosyncracies is not without instruction and some interest. They stand thus in the list:

First. Immediate Emancipationists.
Second. Conservative Emancipationists.
Third. Pro-Slavery Emancipationists.

The first class embraces the Radical Republican and Democratic elements (and there is more of the latter class than is generally supposed), who, plainly perceiving the exigencies and necessities of the present, and having a clear insight into the demands of the future, propose to follow up the determination of the majority of the people of Missouri, who are loyal to the Constitution of the United States, by wiping out the institution of slavery *at once*, through the action of the Legislature at its coming session, under the compensation scheme.

The second class belong to the wait-for-a-while portion of the people. It believes in emancipation, but its leaders are not quite satisfied that immediate emancipation is as yet the most popular—that the immediate emancipation horse is the surest to carry them into power and place. Indeed, this class, though including some Republicans, has not, as a whole, given in its adhesion to the President's proclamation, and don't believe that slavery is the cause of the war. This class, although in heart desirous of seeing the State of Missouri made free, is nevertheless too politic to move straight forward toward the attainment of that object, and is too weak in the backbone to take the responsibility. Wait until the great work shall have been completed, and the world will be made to think that the men composing this class *did it all themselves.*

The third class—the Pro-Slavery Emancipationists—don't, at heart, believe in emancipation at all, but seeing it absolutely coming, don't want to, because they dare not, put themselves in opposition to it, and hence desire to make as fair terms for slavery as possible, and in the end steal all the thunder of praise which is to follow the final consummation of the desired event. If this class could in any way get off the track before the emancipation engine were to come upon them, or have time to turn round and give it fight, it would do so gladly. But it sees "Freedom" written indelibly on the walls all round them, and escape from the alternative is hopeless.

What the relative strength of these three classes is in the State, is not now entirely apparent. That the first has a decided majority over the other two, is quite clear; and that it will pursue its chosen work to a conclusion worthy of its ambition, and the best hopes and interests of Missouri now and hereafter, is certain.

ADVICE TO CLERGYMEN.

WHEREAS, in these times of public peril there seems to be some doubt of the exact duty of ministers of the Gospel in the premises—whether while a fierce rebellion is raging against the government they shall make any allusion to that fact in their pulpits—whether high treason, while it is something which may be prayed against, is also something which must not be preached against—whether lukewarmness in sustaining the government is not an immorality deserving of pastoral censure—whether the measureless content of a flock be proof positive of its pastor's fidelity—whether the absconding of certain sheep from the fold establishes the incapacity of the shepherd—whether the Morphine Velvet or Bonnerges style of preaching be that which in stormy periods should be adopted, and

Whereas, the opinion of a certain journal of this city in matters of ecclesiastical polity is entitled to the highest consideration, both from the known piety of its conductors, and the logical and literary elegance of their daily lay preaching.

Therefore, we beg leave, with all due humility, to call the attention of all concerned to the following explicit suggestion, which is printed in the journal aforesaid: "As things are, we should advise the clergymen to enjoy their salaries, and go on in the old way, as Christ and the apostles did, in the very heart and midst of slavery."

—Can any advice be better than this? Can anything be more respectful to ministers of the Gospel than to advise them "to enjoy their salaries"? It is as if we should say: What is the first duty of a clergyman? To draw his salary! What is his second duty? To enjoy it! To this we might add: What is the first duty of a Church? To pay up, promptly and liberally, if pleased! What is the second duty of a Church? To cut off the supplies if not pleased.

What can the minister of Him who had not where to lay His head want more than a genteel house, a choice library, a good coat with a plenty of seams in it, a perfectly complacent congregation—in short, all peace and no sword? Do the sins of the world trouble him? Let him draw his salary! Is his congregation froward? There is balm at the banker's! Hasn't his Church bought him, body, soul and spirit? And paid him his price? Why not take things easily?

The journal in question informs us, and it is what we didn't know before, that the apostles enjoyed their salaries. We never heard of more than one of them who received any salary at all, and so far from enjoying it, he kept only enough to buy a rope, with which he hanged himself.

We doubt if a more bitter insult to the clergy of New York was ever penned, than this which comes from their professed defender. It puts them directly into the category of hirelings, of self-seekers, of Scribes and Pharisees, of men worldly, indolent, and, as vendors of the Gospel, shrewdly knavish. Luther never said a sharper thing of the Romish priesthood, and the Dissenters of England, in the exceeding wrath of their dissent, never uttered a sourer inuendo.

It further makes the remarks to which we have referred, in connection with certain troubles in Christ's Church, now, we believe, happily adjusted. It says that the old Rector left his charge because his flock would not listen to Abolition preaching. A correspondent of another journal says that he left for private reasons of his own. It isn't for us to adjust these ecclesiastical differences. We have only to express the hope and belief that the new Rector will think of something more than "enjoying his salary."

There is one other point upon which we entreat the clergy to be careful. What business have they to hold meetings to consider the state of the country and their relation to it? Daring to hold such meetings, they are civilly asked why they do not convene them in Tammany Hall. Well, why not? The men who are so outraged by the patriotism of the reverend gentlemen go to Tammany Hall, and, for that matter, upon their knees to Tammany Hall, in quest of nominations, and in pursuit of place and of its profits. If Tammany is good enough for them—the lay guardians of the Church—the keepers of the keepers—the very critics of God's own embassadors—isn't it good enough for the embassadors themselves? Clergymen—some of them, at least—feel it to be their duty to go everywhere—the lower the place, the higher the duty—to seek out the poor, the sinful, the degraded! Pray, why should Tammany be shunned? Isn't it poor enough? sinful enough? degraded enough? It hasn't usually been considered the part of a good missionary to be fastidious in the selection of his field of labor. If clergymen can go to the Five Points, why not to Tammany?

There was a time when these critics of clergymen were not so fastidious—when it was thought a most admirable discharge of parochial duty to preach sermons in support of the Fugitive Slave bill—when it was deemed evangelical in the most agitating way to denounce agitation—when Dr. Lord made presents of his little pamphlets to Dr. Fuller and Dr. Fuller made presents of his little pamphlets to Dr. Lord—when Abolitionists were smitten, hip and thigh, Sunday after Sunday, in sour, serious and savage sermons. That wasn't political preaching, we suppose. But now, when no calling can be so sacred that this wild war, waged for slavery, does not menace its usefulness and prosperity—when the Church is threatened through anarchy with extinction—when it is a question whether the clergyman shall have any church to preach in, any house to live in, any flock to guard or any country to love, he is to have no eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? He is to "enjoy his salary"! Why, what more than that do the fat fakirs of India or the gross inmates of the Thibetian lamaseries do?—*Tribune.*

THE MISSION OF OUR FREE COLORED MEN.

From The Springfield Republican.

GREAT opportunities are about to open before the free colored people of this country—chances for usefulness, wealth and position, such as have been denied to their race through many weary ages of injustice and contempt. Do they begin to comprehend the future that awaits them? Four million of their race, born in slavery, are about to be transformed into freemen. They are to begin a new life, in which they will come into possession of their own persons, their own physical and mental powers, and will be thrown upon their own resources for self-direction and support. Their long degradation has rendered most of them mere children in intellect—a nation of vigorous animals, who are to be trained to intelligent manhood. Consider how many teachers, how many preachers of the Gospel, how many instructors in the mechanic arts and the routine of civilized life, will be needed as these untaught millions enter upon their new existence.

Who so well fitted to be the teachers and guides of their emancipated brethren as the intelligent and Christian colored men and women of the free States, and especially of New England, who have grown up in our schools and Churches, and who in real culture and character are very much above the average white men of the slave States? Many white people will doubtless be found, like the missionaries and teachers who have gone to South Carolina, to enter the opening field of the South from motives of philanthropy. But the colored people of the North have besides the sympathy that comes from race and blood, and will naturally be attracted southward just as soon as the freedom of their race is established. They will be the most acceptable instructors of their emancipated brethren. And to them will be offered not only opportunities for philanthropic effort, but for enterprise and skilled labor. The rude cabins of the slaves are to give place to the neat cottages of the free laborers, and thousands of school houses are to be built for the education of the negro children. And there are young men and women of color, trained in our public schools, who are competent to this great work of lifting up the degraded millions of their race, and educating them for civilized life.

It would be a great thing for our free colored people if they could rise to the grandeur of this conception, and prepare to undertake the mission that Providence is just about to offer to them. Our colored people have complained, with good reason, that the avenues to influence and position were closed against them in the free States, and that the education of their children only made them discontented with the menial pursuits to which the negro is limited by popular prejudice. But this is to be true no longer. There is to be a demand for the services of educated colored men and women, which is not likely to be half met. The next half century is to be one of unprecedented activity and progress among the colored people of this country, and talent and industry will gain their just rewards, without respect to race and complexion. Let no smart colored boy lay aside his books, then, with the idea that he can never be anything better than a barber, a boot black or a waiter. He may become a lawyer, a preacher, an educator, and win his way to fortune and distinction at the same time that he does invaluable service to his race. The emancipated slaves of the South will make much more rapid progress than those of the British West Indies, because they are within the sphere of a more vital and active civilization. Hundreds of enlightened and inspiring influences will be brought to bear upon them that the negroes of the West India islands know nothing of; and besides, the Christianity of this country will rightly consider the South its peculiar field, and concentrate its chief efforts upon the heathenism of a false civilization until it is obliterated. Whether emancipation shall be quick or slow under the President's proclamation and the progress of the war, it is beyond doubt that the peculiar institution has received its death-blow, and is doomed to utter destruction. And there can be no nobler mission for either the

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE STANDARD.

ADVANCE IN PRICE.

IN consequence of the unprecedented advance in the price of white paper, whereby the cost of publishing THE STANDARD for the present number of readers has been increased by more than ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS PER ANNUM, the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at a meeting held expressly to consider the subject, have unanimously decided to raise the subscription price, on and after the first of January, 1863, to $2.50. Of course, the Committee have come to this conclusion most reluctantly; but they see no other way to meet the added expense of publication, and they are sure that every friend of the paper and the cause will assent to the justice and propriety of the step.

We hope that not a single subscriber will leave us on this account, but that all will make special efforts to send us the names of new subscribers at the beginning of the new year. If we may judge from the tone of the letters we have received of late, THE STANDARD was never held in higher esteem by its readers than it is at the present time. If slavery were really abolished, we might well disband our Societies and stop our papers; but it is not abolished, nor are we sure that it will be for years to come. Abolitionists, therefore, must not lay down the weapons of their warfare, but keep them bright by active use, and hold themselves in readiness for such further service as may be necessary for the complete extinction of the hellish system against which they have so long contended.

Of course the change of price will not affect those whose subscriptions are already paid to a time beyond the first of January.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION will probably appear in the daily journals of Thursday morning. But for the necessity of going to press earlier than usual, in order to release compositors and pressmen from labor on New Year's Day, we should keep our columns open to the latest possible moment, in order to lay this important document before our readers this week.

THE NEW YEAR AND ITS PROMISE.

BEFORE this sheet can reach our readers they will know (what we do not at this present writing) how President Lincoln has auspicated the new year. Though we cannot permit ourselves to believe that he will be false to the promise he has given the country and the world, the interest at stake is too immense to permit expectation to settle down into certainty in advance of the long looked-for words of fulfilment. We cannot doubt that the President will issue a proclamation such as will answer his idea of the demands of the occasion; but we cannot, at the same time, suppress a fear lest it should be one of those fulfilments of a promise which keep it to the ear and break it to the hope. The influence of all the open and secret treason in the land has been all along brought to bear upon him to cause him to swerve from the sublime step he had proposed to take, so as to make it ridiculous, if not an actual stumbling and falling back. But we believe that he is a man of too much practical good sense not to see the historical ridicule, if not infamy, that he would lay up for himself by any shortcoming in the matter of his promised proclamation. It cannot be affirmed that the rebellion is at an end in all the Confederated States—not even that it has been suppressed in any very considerable portion of any of them. The case distinctly exists, anticipated and provided for in the proclamation of the Twenty-second of September. There is not even the excuse of a great victory and a triumphant advance of our forces into the rebel territory. The President can do no otherwise than issue the complement of the proclamation of September, excepting by devouring his own words and confessing that he was mistaken in issuing it. But it is idle to speculate on a question which will be settled, in one way or the other, before these lines are published. We will believe the best, and reserve all comments on what we shall soon know all about, until the next week.

Happily, it is not in the power of man, not even if it be King, Kaiser, or President, to stop the course of events, after they have once set out on a career of revolution. History has been little else than a record of such vain attempts and of their discomfiture. A Lie cannot endure forever. Herein consists the main hope of mankind. All tyrannies and oppressions are lies in their pretexts and professions, however sad facts they may involve in their operation. All progress in the European world is but the effect of a partial admission of light upon time-honored falsehoods and consequent confusion and more or less complete dispersion. The Reformation in England, the execution of Charles I., the expulsion of James II., the Reform Bill, have been reachings forward in the right direction out of the domain of falsehood towards that of truth. So the French Revolution in all its domestic and continental bearings, and in all that it prophesies whenever the present usurper shall have fallen under the wheels of the car he can no longer guide. So with us. The mighty revolution now in full career cannot be stayed nor rolled backward by any man or set of men. Neither "malice domestic" nor "foreign levy" can do more than impede and perplex its onward course. Even if Fernando Wood and John Van Buren were appointed Commissioners with Full Powers to rearrange the Union, and Jefferson Davis were willing to accept their intermediation, they could not restore the state of things which existed before the war. Matters have gone too far for that. The electric shock which was discharged into the body politic by the batteries in Charleston harbor, has restored too much vitality to it to make it possible that it should fall back again into its old paralysis. The blood and tears which the nation has poured forth are not to be wiped out by the most curious fabric of compromise that our cunningest artificers of fraud could weave. They cry out too loud from the ground for vengeance, or at least for satisfaction—the satisfaction of not having been shed in vain—to be permitted to sink idly into it. Some result, other than the *status quo ante bellum*, must be had as a guarantee of future peace. None can be sufficient excepting the reconstruction of Southern society by removing from about ninety thousand slaveholders (the number owning or hiring ten slaves) their immediate despotism over four million of slaves and seven million nine hundred thousand nominally free white men, and their indirect supremacy over the whole nation. This were a conclusion of the whole matter which would be well purchased even at the dreadful price it must cost. And to this conclusion we are sure we are hastening, if not with the helping of the Powers that Be, then in spite of them.

And then, again, the slaves can no more be put back again into the state of mind in which they were two years ago than the white men. The voice of hope has passed from mouth to mouth, in the watches of deep midnights, and by the signs of that freemasonry which is known to unite all the intelligent negroes in secret league, and it has awakened passionate expectations of deliverance which can never be laid to sleep again. The change in the state of the slaves' minds has effectually begun the disorganization of the system of labor on which the rebellion rests. That system will never again work as easily as it has done (badly and inefficiently as that has been) after receiving the faith which their masters have taken such pains to instil into their minds that this war is one waged for their deliverance. We believe that Emancipation under the auspices of the General government is all that will save the South from the Insurrection she dreads so much. Notwithstanding, however, our faith in the general tendency of events towards the inevitable destruction of slavery, sooner or later, we are most profoundly sensible of the mighty influence which the President can wield, for good or for evil, in the solution of the mighty problem involving the happiness or misery of so many millions, and the prosperity and glory of the nation. Wisely planned and resolutely carried into effect, we believe that no revolution was ever made in human affairs, with so little loss and suffering as this may be. The worst that can befall is the ruin of ninety thousand slaveholders, a fraction of the number crushed by any of the other great revolutions in human affairs. But even this calamity, however merited, will never fall upon the tithe of them. That the policy of confiscation will be carried out in its full extent is not to be expected. The great mass of the land-owners will be left in possession of their estates, however richly they may have deserved to forfeit them. The Southern country being opened by Emancipation to Northern and foreign immigration, the price of land will rise to a point that will more than cover all the loss in slaves. This must be the issue, soon or late, of the present crisis in our affairs. Whether it shall be soon or late, whether it shall be thorough, effectual and enduring, largely depends upon the foresight and energy displayed in it by the government. Never, perhaps, was there such a responsibility placed in men's hands. Never, certainly, a greater.

Perhaps never did a year open so prophetic of history as this present Sixty-Three. A century ago the Peace of Paris prepared the way for the American Revolution, which ushered in that of France and thus harbingered all the political changes of the last hundred years. The next century will look upon stranger mutations in human affairs than even the last has done. If slavery be now extirpated with skilful boldness, and the whole continent opened to free labor and Northern enterprise, the imagination can hardly exaggerate the glory and power of the American republic. Its greatness will overshadow the world, and it is no wonder (though none the less a shame) that selfish European statesmen should hope and strive to defeat the accomplishment of the glorious vision. Long before that time America will take her place at the head of the Great Powers, if she have but grace given her to break the chain which has bowed her down and held her back. Everything thus far has, on the whole, been propitious, even what seemed the hardest to bear. Defeat has been overruled for victory. Perhaps, even delay has been blessed to a more complete fruition. Blunders, mismanagement, pro-slavery prejudice, treason itself, have worked together for good. Nothing remains, the proclamation being assumed as issued, but a discreet choice of officers and a resolute application of its principles. The American nation certainly has deserved all the disgraces and affliction it has ever endured by its long consenting with the masters to the spoiling of the slaves. Perhaps the time past may have been sufficient for its chastisement and that the brighter dawn of repentance and reformation is about to break. Unlike the dayspring of Nature, however, our day will be even as we ourselves do make it—dark with clouds and terrible with thunderings and lightnings, or mild, beneficent and prevailing through the kindly radiance of wisdom and goodness. And even in the thunderings and lightnings there is health and mercy, though through much tribulation. The old year departs and the new year reigns in its stead. The new-comer is sure of being remembered as one of the most famous in the long series of time, and we will trust that it will be blessed also as one of the most illustrious.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (L. Scott and Co's American Edition, 79 Fulton street) for November contains nine articles, the titles of which are these: Christian Individuality; The Austrian Empire in 1862; Poems by A. H. Clough; Assimilation of Law; France and Scotland—M. Michel; Popular Prophetical Literature; Syria and the Eastern Question; St. Clement's Eve; the American Conflict.

The North British is the expositor of the Free Church of Scotland—the Church which, not many years ago, collected large sums of money in the United States wherewith to build its houses of worship—while in politics it has always taken the side known as Liberal. The extent to which the public mind of Great Britain has been misled in regard to the character of our civil war is seen in the fact that this magazine, in spite of its antecedents and its professed sympathy with free institutions, virtually espouses the cause of the South and fills its pages with partisan misrepresentation of the North, seeming to gloat over the assumption that the developments of the last two years "testify, in the loudest and clearest tones, against democratic institutions." In support of this favorite idea it puts American events to the torture and deals in exaggerations of which this may be taken as a specimen: "From the highest to the lowest, from Mr. Lincoln through his whole Cabinet, down to the ordinary *chef de bureau*, NOT ONE MAN OF EVEN MODERATE CAPACITY HAS SHOWN HIMSELF OR BEEN PLACED IN OFFICE." Language like this in the mouth of a political demagogue would not be strange, but in the pages of a Review making high professions of morality and piety, and claiming to be the champion of free institutions, it is indeed surprising, and leads inevitably to inferences of the most painful character as regards the state of public opinion in Great Britain. It needs a great deal of Christian patience, while reading such articles as this in *The North British*, to keep one's moral indignation within bounds.

MEETINGS FOR REJOICING. — Anticipating that the President will be faithful to his promise in the liberation of the slaves of the rebellious States, some friends of freedom in Brooklyn have appointed a meeting for public rejoicing, to be held in the Bridge street M. E. Church on Friday evening of this week, and to be addressed by William Wells Brown, Theodore Tilton, and others. Admittance 15 cents.

On Monday evening next, a meeting for the same purpose will be held in the Cooper Institute, in this city, when addresses will be delivered by Dr. Cheever, H. H. Garnett, William Wells Brown, and others. Admittance 15 cents.

A Soiree will also be held on Monday evening, in Mozart Hall, 663 Broadway. Tickets 25 cents.

Our friends in Philadelphia are arranging to celebrate, after the fact, the proclamation of Emancipation promised by the President on the first inst. They will hold a public meeting in Sansom Hall, on the evening of the 10th inst., on which occasion speeches from leading Abolitionists and other appropriate proceedings may be expected.

"THE BIRTH OF THE SPIRIT CHRIST."—We publish the sermon of Mr. Frothingham under the above title, not at all for its bearing upon mooted points in theology, but because it presents in a very striking way a great truth, accepted, in one shape or another, by earnest Christians of whatever creed, and lying at the foundation of all morality and religion. Among those who heard it delivered was GERRIT SMITH, and he was so impressed by it that he requested us to print, at his expense, an edition of THREE THOUSAND copies in pamphlet form, to be sold at a nominal price, and the avails to be devoted to any charitable object that Mr. Frothingham might designate. It will be mailed, post paid, to whoever may send a three-cent stamp to this office, or delivered at the office in quantities for 2 cents each.

THE HON. CHARLES SUMNER has kindly sent us, under his frank, four volumes of *The Congressional Globe*, containing the Debates and Proceedings of the Second Session of the Thirty-seventh Congress.

GERRIT SMITH'S SPEECH.—The admirable speech "On the Country," delivered by Mr. Smith at the Cooper Institute, Dec. 21, has been published in pamphlet form, and will be mailed, post paid, for a three-cent stamp sent to this office.

THE BIRTH OF THE SPIRIT CHRIST.

A SERMON,

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Preached Sunday, December 28th, 1862.

Behold a virgin shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Immanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us.—*Matthew* i. 23.

THE biographies of Jesus open with a blaze of Eastern splendor. The poet says, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." All men become poets when they look on cradles; and the greater the person the cradle is supposed to contain, the wilder the fancy that paints the heavens. Jesus was too marvellous a person to be comprehended by the people of his own and of immediately succeeding generations; and as they could not fathom him by their understandings, they glorified him by their imagination. They could not discern him; they could only feel him; and the only way in which they could express their feeling of him was poetic. It is hardly necessary to say that the marvellous incidents which are narrated in connection with the birth of Christ—the annunciation, the message to the shepherds, the wonderful star, the adoration of the magi from the East, the birth in the manger celebrated by choiring angels, the virgin mother conceiving by the Holy Ghost—make the lovely drapery by which an adoring and dazzled memory made magnificent the cradle of a mighty Soul. They who sung the sweet poem of the virgin mother and her miraculous child would be amazed at the prosaic simplicity which insists on taking their bold fancy as bald fact, and would have a feeling of pity for the men and women who not only lose the flavor of the poem, but lose its significance too, in their passion for what they call history. The story that Christ was born of a virgin cannot be made credible to modern belief. We must look at it through the fancy if we would get its sense. We must receive it as the Orientals did. Reject it as a biographical fact if you will; you have not accounted for its existence, you have not explained its popularity through the Eastern world, you have not touched the feeling of those who made this lovely legend; still less have you touched the thought that floated dim and hazy, but truly grand and transcendental, through their minds.

The story of the miraculous birth is a poem. What meaning does it attempt to convey? It attempts to convey, as I understand it, an idea something like this: That the person who came into the world then and there in Judea, this Jesus, this Christ, stood for something more, represented something more, *was* something more than a link in the chain of ordinary humanity. The qualities which were in him, and which he in later life manifested and transmitted, were not solely and precisely such as are passed along from father to son in the regular course of hereditary descent; they were not such qualities as a Galilean carpenter and his simple wife might give to their offspring; they were not such qualities as might run in a family; they were not such qualities as were characteristic of a tribe, or peculiar to a nation even. There was something which could not be accounted for by blood relationship. This being whose mark on the world was so powerful, whose place in the world was so remarkable, could not be "his father's son"—supposing that Joseph, or any member of the tribe of Benjamin, or any scion of David's line, or any Hebrew descendant from Abraham was his father. There was all that in him, but there was so much more than that, that that was forgotten. What was in him was *the human;* he was a child of humanity; the race was his father; the life in him was the life which was common to mankind; he was a power, a principle, a spirit, an effluence from all the Past; he was the Holy Ghost; he was the spirit of the human crystallized; that which composed his substance was older than his father, older than his forefathers, older than the old lawgivers and patriarchs of his nation; it was from the beginning. The Christ was *preëxistent;* that is to say, there was nothing in him which had not existed before; but all that had existed before was in him. The elements of which he was composed were elements which had been floating in the moral atmosphere from the earliest dawning of the moral being of man, and just now blazed forth in this being. He was an embodied spirit; not an angel or archangel, not any member of the heavenly host descending to the earth, not any seraph from a sphere outside of or above the human; he was the spirit of the human; he showed the Divine in man—the God with us. Let me try to make this idea more distinct, by indicating what this Divine in man is, and so hinting at the wonder of the revelation of it. Be not alarmed; I am not going to philosophize nor to dogmatize, I am not going to discuss or define; I only desire to touch and impress.

There is a feeling, there always was a feeling, that the Infinite had its place in the soul; that God, however much he may have been elsewhere, was most truly in the breast of his child; that however magnificent his temples of stone and gold might be, the temple he best loved to be worshipped in was the heart. There was and is a vague, dim belief that the human somewhere melted into the Divine, and that the Divine somewhere melted into the human. The inward being of man was always reaching out after God, and always returned from its reaching to find out that no reaching out was necessary, that God was nestling close to the heart. In all times, under all skies, men have had fleeting intimations of the presence of Deity, sitting, veiled, shadowy, shrouded in the dark corners of their souls. One side of their being touched the infinite—*was* the infinite. *Conscience* was the eye, the voice of God. In the act of prayer, the worshipper had a filial feeling, which betokened a living sonship of the soul with the Eternal. A certain illuminated, inspired and almost supernatural character associated itself with the working of the moral and religious nature. Pure desires, earnest purposes, noble resolves, high aspirations, thoughts of heroism, patience, duty, sacrifice, feelings of gratitude, praise, joy, peace, were like celestial visits to the mind—were like seeds of immortality sown by the immortal hand in the heart. The soul itself seemed sometimes like an effluence from the Infinite Soul. These impressions, feelings, experiences, were universal; they were usually very dim and faint; they came out at long intervals, perhaps; they were scattered over large tracts of humanity; they disappeared entirely sometimes—were not to be found, were disbelieved in; in some epochs they became almost extinct; in some nations they were scarcely recognized, the stern character of the people or the hard character of their circumstances making the consciousness of such delicate elements impossible. Then, again, they blazed out with amazing splendor. Out of them rolled forth the Bibles of mankind; they breathed their spirit into sacred literature. Out of them came the Psalms of David, the prophecies of Isaiah. From the heart of this human nature poured the holy strains of the inspired bards, the music which froze into temples of stone. On the whole, however, they were not sufficient to beget a living faith in the oneness of the Divine and the human, in the domestication of God in the soul, in the Emmanuel or the indwelling One. The manifestation of Jesus deepened this faith to such a degree that it came out into full and fair consciousness, and henceforth stood an admitted fact in the creeds of men. He exhibited the Divine element in the human as a living principle. He was the Divine in man asserting itself; he was the desire of all nations articulated in speech.

But this idea of the Divine in the human stands vitally associated with other ideas It means the communion of man with God; it means of course, then, the communion of man with man; it means the sense of human kindness; it means brotherhood, sympathy of nature, fellowship in origin, experience, destiny; it hints at new social relations, new duties, of justice, mercy, compassion; it puts forth a new commandment, that men shall love one another; it institutes a new law, a law by which mankind shall bear each other's burdens, by which the strong shall help the weak, the wise shall teach the simple, the rich shall bless the poor, the great shall lift up the little, and the good shall save the bad. This, too, had been suspected before; there had not been wanting hints of this common humanity. Great Seers had caught the hint and put it into words; great Souls had caught it and put it into loving lives. The spirit of humanity was lurking about, was glimmering here and there, but it was in Jesus that it found its highest symbol and incarnation.

I might go on farther, analyzing this conception of the Divine in man, showing you how it implied the personal sacredness of the individual soul, the hopes, the duties, the capacities, the destinies of it, the immortality of its affections, the illimitable field of its expansion, the holiness of its mission and work; but I forbear pushing my analysis more closely. I have said enough, perhaps more than was necessary, for my purpose, which was simply to make you feel forcibly this: that in the glorious and glorifying imagination of these old poetic Christians, Christ was the representative of this purely ideal truth: that the Divine principle dwelt in *man*, in *mankind*, a living witness and power; he was this principle flaming out into consciousness; he was the personification of all this floating, scattered faith; he was the gathering up, the expression, the living demonstration of all those hints, intimations, yearnings, impressions, convictions, affinities which had been preëxistent for ages, and for ages on ages in the world. So far as he was *Christ*, he was *spirit;* his coming was the coming of this spirit; his birth was the birth of this spirit; his power was the power of this spirit; he was the spirit which had been in the world ever since man had been in the world—the spirit that shone uncomprehended in the darkness—the spirit that, with the splendor of a torch or the glimmer of a candle, lighted every man that came into the world.

It was to paint this fine conception, to introduce this spirit worthily into history, to domesticate it fairly among mankind, and at the same time to keep it free as possible from all fleshly associations, from domestic bonds and family entanglements, from personal, biographical or historical limits—it was to preserve its character as a spiritual idea, as a spiritual influence, as a spiritual force, that the lovely legend of the Virgin Birth was framed. This great Fact must have just body enough to lodge in, just flesh enough to make for it a covering, just parentage and domestic life enough to keep it from flying away and to make it visible. It needed but the frailest vessel to hold it; care must be taken lest it be covered up with genealogies, hidden in records, confined and smothered in huge bodies of blood and bones. To give it ordinary human parentage would make it not *human*, but *less* than human. To admit that it could be, in a full and exhaustive sense, the son of Joseph, would be to *deny* that it was the Son of Man.

It is interesting to notice how careful Jesus was to guard from all unnecessary terrestrial association, from all entangling alliances with persons, places, times, observances, institutions, that *spirit* which was in him, which was indeed himself, which he was sent to communicate, the communication of which was all his work on earth. So jealous was he of its purity, so anxious lest it should be limited, appropriated, monopolized by some clique or party, lest it should be entombed in some symbol or establishment, that he not only warned people in the most impressive manner against their carnal apprehensions of him, but took especial pains not to identify himself with any forms or customs which might in course of time take his place. Thus he framed no Church, he organized no association of men and women, he connected himself with no sect or party, he hallowed no usage. One of his biographers intimates that he did not baptize, lest even so simple an observance as that should prove to be a dead weight to his spirit. Nay, he was jealous of the personal attachment of his friends to him, and when he saw that they were clinging to his *person* instead of to his *truth*, that they were expecting to be taken up in his arms instead of being filled with his spirit, that they were thinking of seats at his right hand instead of becoming servants of his cause, he told them plainly that that would never do. He said, "I must go away; if I do not, the Spirit cannot come to you." "It is best for you that I should go away!"

It is remarkable, too, that Paul, the chief of the Apostles, and the only one who entered deeply into the significance of the Christ, labored all his life to detach the Christ from all temporalities whatever, to emancipate him, as it were, from the limits of race, and to bring the spirit that he was, this very human spirit which I have described, into vital relations with human thought and life. Paul's Christ was the spiritual Man—the spirit in Man—the personification of the Divine in the human; and if his ministry had any power, it was in making men feel this spirit in them as a power; it was in giving their spirits consciousness of being the children of God. Nay, further still, and more extraordinary still, the gospel which bears the name of John, the favorite gospel in Christendom, the gospel which is held precious in the Church above all the rest, and the authenticity of which, though more doubtful than any other, is more hotly contested than any of the others, gives throughout this representation of Christ as the Spirit—allows him no human birth at all—no domestic relationships, no family or tribal or national connections; makes him through the whole of his career float as it were in the air; affords him hardly so much as a visible, tangible presence among men; reduces him nearly to the tenuity of an apparition, in order that his spirit might work free and unencumbered as a Divine principle in the hearts and lives of mankind.

So deeply was it felt that the Christ could be saved from historical destruction only by releasing him from historical bands. If allowed to embody himself finally, his power was lost. The chief peril to which he was exposed was the peril of having an organization which might pin him to the ground, and prevent his going whither he listed. Being human, to limit his humanity was to destroy his humanity, to leave it human no longer.

It is strange, so strange that we can scarcely believe it. For we are familiar with precisely the opposite view. We are told continually that the Christ will perish if we do not limit him. You must furnish him with a body, or he will be blown away; you must place him, localize him, temporize him, or by and by you will find that you have lost him, that he is dissipated in the air. Take away his flesh and blood, and there will remain nothing but ghost, which is nothing! Give us a historical Christ, men cry; that is the only Christ there is. The Spirit Christ may be something or nothing. What he is or is not we are in no state to know.

Here are the Bible Christians, who deem it of prime importance that the Christ should have a permanent home in the New Testament, where he may always be found by all who seek him. There he is in a book. Go to the book, and you learn who he was, where he lived, what he did and said, who his friends were, and who his foes. So long as that book lasts, you have him, you are sure of him. That is his Shekinah; were that to be lost, he would be lost. Every doubt cast on that is a doubt cast on the reality of his being; every blow dealt at its integrity is a blow dealt at his influence in the world.

Here again are the Altar Christians, who deem it of first moment that the Christ should have a local shrine, where he can be approached and worshipped. The Christ is in the Church, they say, and if you wish to find him, to the Church you must go. Receive his spirit at baptism, enter into definite relations with him by confirmation, commune with him at the Sacrament of the Eucharist, see him working in the symbols, see him shrouded in the ordinances. Throw down the walls of the Church, and you cast him out of house and home, you leave him no abiding place, no point on which to stand, from which to work; he evaporates, he becomes a shade.

In the same way the Creed Christians try to engross the Christ on their parchment, and tell us that the only way of retaining him on the earth at all is to bandage him tightly in rolls of paper. Behold his Spirit entire, they say, in these articles, which are the distilled essence of his mind. So long as these live, he lives; so long as these are received, he is received; so long as these are vitally digested and assimilated to the heart, he is vitally digested and assimilated by a process of transubstantiation of which that of the Roman Church is a burlesque.

All this sounds plausible and unquestionable, and yet I feel impelled to raise earnest remonstrance against it. It seems to me, in the first place, that the very existence of the Christ is put in peril by these elaborate precautions which are taken to preserve him from peril. It seems to me sometimes that his very enemies could ask nothing more than that his friends should undertake to keep him safe in these caskets, at whose lids the burglars are continually prying; in these citadels, at whose walls the batteringrams are thundering, beneath whose walls the mines are ready to be sprung. Within a few weeks a Bishop of the English Church—Colenso—has given powerful voice to the rationalism which directs at the Bible the canons of literary criticism, before which so many towers deemed impregnable have crumbled; and this very evening, an eminent orthodox divine, Dr. Cheever, throws up his hopeless breastwork to resist a foe who is mighty as the spirit of the age, and impalpable as the spirits of the air. The spread of knowledge, the growing independence of human thought, the increasing self-assertion of the time, the stubborn individuality which is characteristic of our generation, and must be even more characteristic of coming generations, the disrelish of mystery, the distrust of ecclesiastical power, the doctrines of soul-freedom that prevail, have already shattered fearfully the unity of the visible Church, and are beginning to regard its assumptions of authority as fit only for a less enlightened age.

The original creeds have been torn in a thousand pieces, and so hopeless is the attempt to reconstruct them, that creedlessness is fast becoming the people's creed. If the Spirit Christ can only be found by those who seek him in the Scripture, the Church, the Creed, soon the majority of us must give up seeking him. Is it not suicidal, then, to identify him with them? Even supposing that the Bible will come out unscathed from the fiery trial of criticism it is passing through—even supposing the Church to survive the stormy centuries she has entered upon—even supposing the Creed to be at last impregnable to the assaults of modern thought—still, at present, Bible, Church and Creed are the assailed and endangered points; if they fall, then the Christ who is entangled with them and localized therein falls. In fact, we hear men say, if the New Testament is discredited, the Christ is gone. Would not simple prudence then counsel that the Christ should be disentangled from the New Testament, and that these grand ideas, of which he is the symbol, this faith of the Divine in the human, which he lived out, this assurance of the soul's sonship which culminated in him, should be rescued while yet it is possible from the house whose fall, if it comes, will bury him beneath its ruins? Again: thus to limit, to localize, to sensualize the Christ, so to speak, to commit him to paper, to cut him in stone, to associate him with a biography, with a history, is to keep in the background the very evidence by which he is best authenticated, and is to prevent us from getting at him directly at first hand. If the Spirit Christ has one attribute more than another, it is that of being his own evidence and witness and demonstration. He needs no miracle to authenticate his claims. In fact, without him the miracles would be instantly discredited. He needs no testimony of Evangelists; he has been so long in the world that we know him by the piled-up testimony of experience and insight. We need no biographical records to tell us that he once existed; the universal consciouaness of Christendom, if we will consult it, tells us not only that he existed, but that he exists. It is easier to verify the consciousness than the record. That which for the moment became incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth—that spirit of the Divine in the human—that Holy Spirit in humanity—brings with it such overwhelming proof of its truth, its nobleness, its power—it meets us so cordially, it dwells in us so peacefully, it commends itself to us so lovingly, that it seems no better than an impertinence to offer as proofs of its reality the affidavits, by no means unchallenged, of Matthew and Luke. We do not go to the record of births in the Family Bible to learn that we have souls. The Spirit Christ is spiritually disclosed, spiritually received, spiritually authenticated. If I may quote my own words printed elsewhere, "Great souls require no history. It is of no consequence where they were born, where they lived, what dress they wore, what fortune they met. Of some of them it may be said that they had no history whatever; hardly a cord of trustworthy tradition holds them to the earth. We have them nevertheless; they lived, they are ours, they are we—the scantiness of their clothing permits us to see the majestic grace of their walk. The muse of history never introduced anybody to a Son of God." Indeed, the muse of history does not take up her pen until the Son of God has appeared and passed on. The Spirit Christ must be born in us, aliving Emmanuel; we must know by the heart's interior witness of the Divine in our own nature just what he was, if he is to be for us anything more than a legend, a tradition, a dull and lifeless memory.

Yes, here is the point, and here is, after all, the grand practical objection to the fashion of substituting for the Spirit Christ the Bible Christ, the Altar Christ, or the Creed Christ—the fashion of confining the Divine in the human to any one historical person. That fashion makes the Christ inoperative. I have said that Christ represented the Divine in the human. These three elements, these three principles, viz: the vital connection of man with the Eternal through the affections of his heart and the laws of his conscience—the vital connection of man with man by force of a common origin, a common nature, a common discipline and a common destiny—the vital connection of man with himself by virtue of that sacred individuality which invests his personal character with supreme and inviolable worth, and makes his personal dignity and development the end of all his experience and being; these three principles, I say, not ideas, not thoughts, not truths, but *principles*, are symbolized in our image of the Christ; they are his substance and essence; they are all his power; they are his living will; they are the spirit of which he was born; they were father to him; they gave him his place in his nation; they gave him his significance; they carried him through his career; they fed him in the wilderness; they glorified him on the mount; they strengthened him in the garden; they lifted him from the cross; they have carried him to the skies, and set him up high in the heavenly places of the human heart; they have borne him triumphantly through the stormy, gloomy centuries; they have brought him to us burning bright like a star. To cast a shadow on *these* is to dim *his* glory; to limit *these* is to limit *his* sway; to put any check on the operation of *these* is to retard *his* course. It is by setting these free from all constraint, by detaching them from all that embarrasses, hides or obscures them, by bringing them out into the broad light, by welcoming every fresh demonstration of their presence and power, by domesticating them in all minds and hearts, by incorporating them in practical philosophy and conduct, by making Scripture, Church, Creed, Symbol, Altar, Form and Ritual enunciate them; by proclaiming them from pulpits and saturating literature with them, that the Spirit Christ is made the living Christ he once was. And it is by covering up these great principles, by pushing them away into the corner, by disguising them, by thrusting forward in place of them a person clothed in the garb of Hebrew history, or dwelling star-clad in the clouds, or sitting shrouded behind an altar, or brooding veiled over a Creed; it is by asserting the Christ of Judean history, of Greek history, or of Italian history, that the Christ, who has no history but the history of the Deity in the soul, is prevented from running his course and discharging his office. There is no day that we do not feel sadly the force of this declaration; there is no day that we do not cry out in our need for the Spirit which Christ symbolized. There is no day that we are not forced to feel that the cry is vain, because the Judean Christ, or the Greek Christ, or the Roman Christ has hidden the Spirit Christ away. Why, do but see how it stands with us now. There is no question that we are living in one of the most critical periods of history. We are embroiled in a furious civil war; the air is hot with revolution; the very ground we stand on is heaving with volcanic fires; the thoughts of men are in a chaos; the purposes of men are groping, blind and desperate; the very prayers of men meet and wrangle in mid air; the wills of men go about furiously, dashing themselves against the stones. In four days there goes into effect a decree, before which half the nation stands haggard with terror, the other half radiant with hope; a decree which has been wrung from the President only by the direst necessity; and the immediate and ultimate effects of which are left wholly to conjecture. How comes it that we are in such a dilemma? Is it not largely because in all these tens of centuries we have had a traditional Christ, a mythical Christ, a historical Christ, a Bible, Altar, Creed Christ, but no Spirit Christ illustrating the Divine in man? Is it not because the Christ has been localized and not vitalized? Is it credible that we should be in the pass we are if those principles the Christ personified, enunciated, illustrated—the sonship of the soul, the unity of mankind, the sacredness of the human being—had been so heralded that they had become familiar truths in the world? Should we be engaged in a fratricidal war—would the cause of the war, slavery, have existed at this day—would it be necessary to meet that cause with brute force and confront barbarism with barbarism—should we be all afloat as we are now in our ideas of right and wrong, wise and unwise, expedient and inexpedient—should we be morally so disintegrated, if Christendom, through all its voices, had proclaimed the Spirit Christ, the sonship of every soul with God, the moral unity of mankind, the sacredness of the individual person? No, no; long before this a state of things like the present would have become an impossibility. But you all know how it has been. You all know how the Spirit Christ has been called vision, shade, ghost. You all know how the defenders of the citadel in which he is supposed to have entrenched himself against the assaults of infidelity deprecate the spread of these vital principles of which he is the historic symbol. You all know how the belief in the soul's natural sonship has been pronounced impious; the belief in the organic brotherhood of the race a dream of French infidelity; the belief in the sanctity of the individual nature a snare. You all know that Christendom has failed of getting itself educated in these grand regenerating beliefs, and therefore fails of being saved by them.

We are in this desperate strait—we are in it because we have only a historical Christ, not a vital Christ. How shall we get through it with none but a historical Christ? Whence shall come the power to grapple with the problem? We need this moment a general and a deep faith that the Divine is in the human, as the basis of our hope for the African's future. We need a general and deep faith in the moral unity of the race as a ground for working for him and with him to make that future sure. We need a general and deep faith in the sanctity of the human being as a ground for a cordial respect and an earnest endeavor to secure his development and his rights. Oh, heavens! It breaks one's heart to think of the lost time and the neglected opportunity; to think that all these centuries the living Spirit of Christ has been localized in Judea, pressed like a dead leaf between the lids of the New Testament, embalmed in symbols and imprisoned for safe keeping in altar forms; and now, in our hour of utmost need, we cannot find him; the soul of the generation only suspects his presence, does not feel it in every heart-beat; the spirit of the age is haunted by him, but not possessed by him.

He does haunt it, though, thank God for that! He is abroad in the age, if the age knows him not. The heart of the people receives him, and among those who most lovingly bend before him are some who have torn his historic garb to tatters, who have stripped him of his messianic robes, who have taken off his crown of miracle, made huge rents in the historic canvas on which his figure is painted, and abandoned the hope of knowing how he appeared to his contemporaries. The books of the New Testament are not the only literature on which he has set his seal; for the fictions, nay the very magazines and newspapers of the day, are confessing his influence. The Church is not the only institution that embodies him; he is in temples of justice, halls of legislation, yea, even in chambers of commerce. The ancient creeds do not monopolize his thought; we find nobler expression of it in our modern philosophies, which assert with wonderful unanimity the oneness of the Divine and the human—the oneness of the human with itself. The precepts that fell from his lips in Judea have grown into noble systems of economy, polity, ethics, law, philanthropy, which commend themselves to us by their sympathy with our aspirations and their fitness to our needs. His little deeds of kindness to the halt, the deaf, the blind, are wrought now on a stupendous scale that challenges the sympathy and admiration of the world. The worship in spirit and in truth which he urged and exemplified is rendered now by thousands and hundreds of thousands whose prayer is action, whose religion is a life. He has shed the local, the temporal, the individual, the national, like the skin of a serpent. He has taken on a new form, a form ideal, yet so real that all other forms fit by it like shadows. He dilates with time and space and the expanding horizon of the mind; he grows with the growing world of men. The Spirit that he was, the principles that he embodied, the vital truths that he lodged in history, have dropped liturgies, creeds, altars, shrines, cathedrals of stone, patriarchates and papacies, as easily as they dropped his poor flesh into Joseph of Arimathea's grave. And as lightly as, freed from this first encumbrance, they leaped over the borders of Palestine to do their work in a broader sphere, they cast off these garments which the hierarchy had hung upon them, and leap over the borders of Europe to do their work on a broader scale still.

This Spirit I have described, this Spirit of which Christ was born, this Spirit which created the Christ, created the New Testament, created the apostles and their ministries, created the Churches, liturgies, articles, priesthoods, prophets—the Spirit which created Christendom, and has borne it like a bubble on its causing stream; this Spirit lives more powerfully, more magnificently than ever. So far from being evanescent, it is the most real thing there is; as for its being impalpable, it is impalpable as the air which feeds our lungs, and the light without which all things instantly would blacken and die. As for its being impersonal, it is so because it has multiplied itself till it has now troops of personalities. And as for the damage which learning and criticism have done to its history, the history of the Spirit Christ, O my friends, has never been written. The history of a being can be written only after he is dead, and the Spirit Christ is not dead. The Evangelists in the New Testament wrote the story of his infancy. The story of his manly development and his manly work he is writing himself in the literature, the laws, the philosophy, the institutions, the worships of mankind.

Such is the Spirit whose coming into the world in conscious form is celebrated in this gladdest season of the year; celebrated ignorantly, blindly, half consciously, in grotesque symbol and legend, by the many—celebrated intelligently, largely, hopefully, by the few. May we be of those who welcome its coming in these modern days, in its modern form. Welcome it, ye wretched drudges in the field; it brings good tidings of great joy to you, for it tells you that you also are sons of God. Welcome it, ye simple ones, for it makes you fellows with the wise. Welcome it, ye weary and heavy-laden, ye lowly weepers, ye bereft fathers and mothers, ye childless sires, ye watchers by graves, for it is your earnest of immortality—it is for you and yours a power of endless life. Welcome it, ye toilers for humanity, for it is the Spirit that makes toil a delight. Welcome it, ye wise men, who have been long waiting for the star. Make haste with your gifts, ye magi. Bow your heads, ye kings, for this little baby in the manger is that Divine Child in the heart which will make each one a king and a priest to himself.

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that caused you to give Sims into the iron grasp of ferocious tigers! Hell rejoices; Heaven mourns! Shame on them! Shame, eternal shame must, ere long, be the reward of these modern Judases, who will consign a fellow-man to hopeless bondage! Is the slave law in Boston to be paramount to the higher law, which forbids the returning of him who has escaped from his master to his master again? Will not the hands of the traitors be greatly strengthened by this deed of villany? I would almost say, if such deeds are to be done in Boston, 'Up! get ye from it, lest the Lord destroy it for its wickedness?'"

Herman Ober, his son, was of the same religious faith, a lover of impartial freedom, a good, upright, benevolent man, whose doors were ever open to the weary and outcast, without regard to complexion or clime. His departure is heavily felt and deeply lamented by a large family and loving friends.—*Liberator.*

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29, 1862.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is out with his bullying proclamation, and its object is apparent. He means to intimidate Mr. Lincoln, and, if possible, frighten him out of his Emancipation proclamation, but he is too late for that. The Emancipation proclamation is written, and will be issued on Thursday without doubt. We shall then see whether Davis or Lincoln will win in the proclamation business. It seems to me that the President ought not to content himself with simply issuing the Emancipation proclamation, but that he should reply to this barbarous edict of the rebel Davis by issuing a proclamation giving Davis fair notice, that if he hangs any of our officers, we will do the same thing, precisely, by his within our control. This matter of threatening can do no harm whatever to the stronger party. If Davis were lucky enough to catch Butler and were to hang him, if this government had any pluck it would execute, instantly, some rebel general, or if we had no rebel general, it would hang a dozen colonels. The rebels gain nothing whatever by resorting to such barbarities, but they actually lose a great deal by exciting bitterness against them in the hearts of the Northern people. Let Jeff. Davis, if he would, issue a counter-proclamation to that which the President will issue on Thursday, threaten to emancipate the workingmen of the North from their servitude to the heartless manufacturers! That has been the slaveholding cry for years—that the Northern workmen are oppressed and will rise at the first good opportunity! Let Jeff. Davis issue his counter-proclamation addressed to the poor workingmen of the free States! But he will do no good to his cause by threatening to murder prisoners of war, for that is a game two can play at. The simple truth is, that we have the South at a great disadvantage in one point—that she founds her institutions upon the slave, for we can offer freedom to that slave, and if we can guarantee it to him, the rebellion is gone.

There is no doubt about the proclamation, I have said. It will be issued on Thursday. But I am not so certain that Mr. Lincoln will not except territory from its sway, which he ought not. A very violent effort has been made to except the State of Tennessee entirely from the proclamation. Emerson Etheridge, Clerk of the House, has been very busy with the President of late, trying to persuade him that he should leave Tennessee out, although a large portion of the State is in the hands of the rebels. Etheridge is a good-natured man, and is true for the government against the rebellion, but he is bitter against the proclamation. The Republicans made him Clerk of the House, but some of them begin to think they made a mistake. As Clerk, he will have tremendous power at the beginning of the next Congress. He calls the roll of the new House of Representatives, and the names he puts on the list of members will vote in the organization of the House. For instance, should Etheridge see fit to put down the names of men elected from Norfolk, New Orleans, Alexandria, generally in Tennessee, men representing cotton boroughs, he might easily organize the House to suit himself. It would do no good that afterwards the House should vote that certain members were not entitled to seats—the organization would have been completed before any question of contested elections could come up. At such a time as this a rigidly honest Republican should be Clerk of the House, for the great Republican majority is entitled to this advantage, if it be one. The fact that Mr. Etheridge has appointed bitter pro-slavery men to place (one of them, for instance, is the Washington correspondent of *The Journal of Commerce*) is not against him, for every Department does this, and no fair man will blame a Tennessee slaveholder for giving appointments to pro-slavery men, while the President, the Secretaries, and even Congress itself does the same thing. I do not blame him for that, nor in fact for anything he has yet done. In fact, he is a great deal better than the average of men in Washington, but it is nevertheless a pity that a radical Republican had not the place just now, that absolute justice might be accorded to men honestly elected members of the next Congress.

This matter of giving first-class offices to Democrats comes up every once in a while. Somebody who is sour because he has failed in getting an office makes a complaint. He charges that large numbers of pro-slavery Democrats occupy the best offices under the government, even in the departments. *It is true.* But why scold about it? Members of Congress often make the complaint, as they cannot give patronage enough to the politicians of their districts. But many of these same members give places to villainous Democrats when they have axes to grind or wish to please a friend. I heard a man abusing the Republicans at one of our hotels the other day. He said nothing would be done in this war till the Democrats got into power again. Inquiring who the man was, I learned that he occupies a $1,600 place in one of the Departments, and that he was appointed on the application of a Republican member of Congress, he being known to be one of the meanest of pro-slavery Democrats. Men will help their friends—even if they be occasionally Democrats; at least Republicans will, and there is no use in making a pother about it. It would be a blessed thing for the country if the English system were adopted—if men once appointed to office kept their places upon good behavior. This is the reform we need, and there should be no changes in any but the Cabinet officers. All assistants and clerks, all postmasters and their clerks, everybody, in fact serving under the government but the President and his Cabinet should retain their places.

A large number of Congressmen are absent from Washington during the holidays, but the town is very lively notwithstanding their absence. As we have constantly (during the existence of the war) thirty or forty thousand men more than our fair average, consisting of wounded soldiers, and troops stationed about here, the departure of a hundred Congressmen is not noticed as it used to be in time of peace. But there are numbers of good anti-slavery men remaining here, who are watching carefully the interests of freedom. Mr. Sumner is here, I believe; he certainly was a day or two ago. Mr. Lovejoy has taken a run up to New York, but Mr. Hamlin remains. I find him *always* true to the cause of freedom. He is worth his weight in gold to us in these times, even when gold is at such a premium!

The Intelligencer makes some very good points against the War Department and Gen. Halleck, taking the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, and Burnside's report, as a basis for its criticisms. It concludes that Burnside and Halleck *together* must bear the blame of failure in the matter of the pontoons. It also accepts the evidence that the General-in-Chief had nothing whatever to do with the plans which governed the Commander of the Potomac army, and then it launches out in the following sharp criticism:

"But, if Gen. Burnside is to devise all the military combinations that are formed for the capture of Richmond, and is not to depend on the 'authorities at Washington' for the execution of any 'orders' he may wish to have filled, it would be a matter of curious interest to learn the precise duties with which Gen. Halleck is charged as the nominal General-in-Chief of the whole army of the United States. For we must presume that all other commanders in military departments more remote from Washington are equally left to their own volitions. Who it is that gives *ensemble* to the operations spreading over so wide a field, or whether there be any such *ensemble*, it is left for the public to conjecture."

True enough. What *is* the use of a General-in-Chief, if he has nothing whatever to do with the plans of his Generals in the field? The simple truth is, that we have had so much bad luck, so many disasters and reverses, that Gen. Halleck and the government at Washington *are afraid to take the responsibility of managing a campaign!* That is the whole truth, and humiliating as it may seem, it is but just to tell it. But I have faith in Burnside yet. I believe the President was wrong in saying that he committed no error. He *did* commit an error, the President to the contrary notwithstanding, but shall one error ruin a General? Why, McClellan was guilty of forty before he was displaced. Ball's Bluff really harmed our cause more than Fredericksburg. Give Burnside one more chance, and then if he fails try some one else. His friends say he will not fail next time, and it is a good policy to believe them and have faith in him. AVON.

THE TWENTY-NINTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

IN view of the colossal magnitude of the Southern rebellion, on the one hand, and of the co responding efforts for its suppression by the American government, on the other, the Managers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY have deemed it expedient to defer their ANNUAL APPEAL to this late period—not knowing what events might occur, in the meantime, to render a modification or suspension of their established plan of action desirable, and wishing to be guided by the highest wisdom in such a momentous crisis.

Reverently recognizing in this awful visitation the hand of God in righteous judgment for our great national transgression, and trusting it may mercifully end in the total extinction of chattel slavery throughout the land; believing that the Proclamation of President Lincoln, emancipating forever all slaves held in States found in rebellion on the first day of January, 1863, will, if energetically and uncompromisingly enforced, inflict a staggering blow upon that fearfully oppressive system; they, nevertheless, feel that the uncertainties of civil war are too great, and the expedients of governmental and political organizations too unreliable, to justify, for one moment, any abatement of vigilance, activity, zeal, liberality, and determination on the part of those who have so long and so disinterestedly consecrated themselves to the godlike work of immediate and universal emancipation, joyfully "bearing the cross and despising the shame." With no personal or sectional feelings to indulge, no selfish ends to promote, no party or sectarian objects to attain—animated by the deepest religious sentiment and the purest patriotism—it is not for such to commit their sacred cause to other hands, to be lulled into inaction even by the most cheering signs of the times, to regard their special mission as accomplished, or to abandon their organized efforts and efficient instrumentalities which have hitherto been crowned with such animating results. Their work is, by Divine help, the extermination of slavery, root and branch; and so long as one slave remains in his fetters, and they are able to plead his cause, that work will not have been accomplished. They must continue to be "the forlorn hope" to the end, leading the way, and taking upon themselves the brunt of the conflict, until the victory be won, the captives set free, and liberty the birthright and possession of every inhabitant of our land, from sea to sea.

Granted, that the Anti-Slavery cause has grown from infantile weakness to manly strength—from universal proscription to respectful public consideration—from an apostolic number of adherents to a multitudinous host. Granted, that it is slavery which is the sole cause of the Rebellion, and that the suppression of the one *may* necessitate the forcible overthrow of the other. Granted, that the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, if it can be enforced, will include nearly three fourths of the entire slave population. Granted, that the rebels themselves, despairing of achieving their independence in any other way, may proclaim freedom to their bondmen, and thus secure their loyal coöperation. Still, we have to deal with stern realities, and must not allow ourselves to be deluded by mere possibilities which may never be fulfilled. Still, it must be remembered that no blow will be struck at THE SLAVE SYSTEM, as such, by the Proclamation; for slavery will continue to be recognized and protected, under the old constitutional guaranties, in all the so-called loyal slave States, and possibly reinstated in every rebel State, under the shield of State sovereignty, after its subjugation and the withdrawal of the Federal armies. Still, it is manifest that a powerful pro-slavery sentiment exists throughout the North, deadly hostile to every scheme of emancipation, defiantly claiming a strong reaction of public sentiment on its side, intent on persecuting and ostracising all who are obtaining their freedom by flight and the chances of war, and leaving nothing undone to get the control of the government, so as to make the most humiliating concessions to the South, and reconstruct the Union on a permanent slaveholding basis.

Under these perilous circumstances, therefore, there must be no indulgence given to the pleasing illusions of fancy, or to an undue exaltation of mind. The struggle for the abolition of slavery may yet be protracted for years; and, unquestionably, it will be fiercely contested to the end by all that is hostile to impartial liberty, North as well as South. We must gird up our loins anew, make a fresh consecration of our means and powers, labor with increasing devotedness, and ask for a discharge from this warfare only with the termination of our mortal life, or the liberation of all in bondage.

The Managers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY give notice, therefore, that it will be held, as usual, in Boston, the last week in January, 1863; and to that annual gathering they cordially and urgently invite all who abhor treason, love liberty, desire peace and reconciliation on an enduring basis, and seek the unity, happiness and prosperity of our now distracted, fearfully guilty, but we trust to be regenerated country—bringing with them (or sending, if they are not able to give their personal attendance) as generous contributions and donations as their means will allow, causing "the riches of their liberality to abound" even in "the abundance of their poverty"—assured that the proceeds thus obtained will be sacredly used, under the auspices of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, as hitherto, to disseminate light and knowledge on the subject of slavery by voice and pen, through the press, and by the lecturing agent—to quicken the religious sentiment, inform the understanding, stimulate the conscience, soften the heart, and so effect that mighty moral change in public opinion which is essential to the banishment of all complexional hatred and oppression, and, consequently, to the reign of universal justice and good will. It should be remembered that the pecuniary resource of the Society is largely dependent upon this instrumentality; and as its treasury is now empty, it is vitally important for its continued operations that prompt and liberal aid should be rendered in the manner already indicated.

To those everywhere who have so long and so generously aided us, we present our annual appeal, trusting it may be so ordered by the God of the oppressed that no renewal of it will be needed, by reason of the speedy and complete consummation of our labors and aspirations.

L. MARIA CHILD,	MARY WILLEY,
MARY MAY,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
LOUISA LORING,	SARAH P. REMOND,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	MARY E. STEARNS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,	SARAH J. NOWELL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,	ABBY H. STEPHENSON,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	ELIZA APTHORP,
CAROLINE C. THAYER,	SARAH COWING,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
LYDIA D. PARKER,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,	SARAH C. ATKINSON,
MARY JACKSON,	ABBY FRANCIS,
EVELINA A. SMITH,	MARY JANE PARKMAN,
CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE,	GEORGIANA OTIS,
ELIZABETH GAY,	KATHERINE EARLE FARNUM.

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part XXV. (the first number of volume V.), has been issued. It is wholly filled with "Documents and Narratives," beginning with Butler's occupation of New Orleans, May 1st, 1862, and ending with the battle at Port Republic, Va., June 9. Prefixed are likenesses of the rebel Gen. Braxton Bragg and the loyal Gen. James S. Wadsworth. New York: G. P. Putnam, 532 Broadway; Charles T. Evans, General Agent, 448 Broadway.

MISSOURI.—The Legislature of Missouri convened on Monday last. G. B. Pratt, Emancipationist, was elected Clerk of the Senate, and L. C. Marvin, Radical Emancipationist, Speaker of the House by 24 majority. Mr. Richardson, in the Senate, introduced a resolution declaring that all Emancipationists are favorable to compensated emancipation, as enunciated by the President, which was unanimously adopted;

NOTICE.—The call for copies of "The Anti-Slavery History of the John Brown Year" has been so considerable, that no more copies can be sent for the amount of postage, as heretofore offered.

FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.—The valuable and still timely tract, by Mrs. L. Maria Child, entitled, "The Right Way the Safe Way, proved by Emancipation in the British West Indies, and elsewhere" (108 pages), will be sent by mail to any person requesting it, and enclosing *six cents* in undefaced postage stamps. Address SAMUEL MAY, JR., 221 *Washington Street, Boston.*

PERSONAL.

The Wesleyan is informed that the Rev. Daniel Worth, who was imprisoned in North Carolina several years ago for reading and circulating "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is in very poor health, and the prospect of his recovery is by no means flattering. But amid his afflictions, his soul is joyful, as he nears the spirit land.

When George W. Curtis was lecturing in Hartford, the evening before the recent fight, he spoke with saddened emphasis of "the war that is drawing down to dusky death our young, our brave, our beautiful." It now appears that his own brother was killed the next day at Fredericksburg, not twelve hours after the mournful words fell from the lips of the eloquent orator.

Garibaldi writes to a friend, in reference to our war, that he "is at a loss how to understand why a nation like the American Republic, with such absolute and soul-inspiring declarations of freedom engrafted in her Constitution and laws, should be so regardless of the dictates of humanity, and the enlightened civilization of the nineteenth century, as not to have slavery, the barbarous relic of a barbarous age, at once and forever abolished."

On Christmas day, Mme. Demorest, of the "Emporium of Ladies' Fashions" on Broadway, treated the young ladies of her establishment, 150 in number, to an excellent dinner and to various appropriate gifts, consisting of the Demorest sewing-machine, gold thimbles, work-boxes, embroidered handkerchiefs, jewelry, etc. The Christmas tree, with all of these rich gifts, presented a fine appearance.

Gen. McClellan has been enjoying a dinner at Washington with some of the worst of the Washington secessionists. No previous circumstance connected with him renders his loyalty so suspicious as this. The bad men who have thus succeeded in placing McClellan before the nation along with themselves are S. S. Cox of Ohio, Wickliffe and Crittenden of Kentucky, Fitz John Porter, and others similar.

Wilson Armistead, of Leeds, has published a "Caution to Friends," in reference to an appeal made by W. S. Northhouse, that the friends of abolition in England should give their moral support to Mr. Lincoln, "in his long-delayed but now noble proclamation." Mr. Armistead takes the ground that the proclamation was "a mere time-serving act of policy, or expediency," and therefore does not "call for any expression of sympathy from us."

Emile de Girardin, the famous editor of the Paris *Presse*, has returned to his desk, after a voluntary retirement of some years. In his initiatory glance over the important events which have occurred during his interregnum, he says the Czar has taken the lead in a measure "which President Lincoln has too long recoiled from," and "President Lincoln [by proclaiming emancipation] has ended where he should have begun." Such is the judgment of the Liberals of Europe without exception.

We mentioned lately the fact that Mr. William Craft, the well-known fugitive slave from Georgia, who has resided in England for the last ten or twelve years, had in contemplation a voyage to Dahomey, for the purpose of persuading the King of that country to abandon the "grand custom" of annually beheading thousands of his subjects. We learn from the London *Anti-Slavery Reporter* that Mr. Craft set out on his mission some time in November. He is expected to be absent about a year. Samuel Gurney, Esq., the distinguished banker, is treasurer of the fund subscribed to defray Mr. Craft's expenses. That a fugitive slave from the United States should visit the land of his fathers for such a purpose is one of those truths that are stranger than fiction.

A few days since, we received an invitation to call at the St. Nicholas Hotel and make the acquaintance of Miss Lavinia Warren, of Middleboro, Mass. We accepted the invitation very promptly, having previously heard something of the young lady's attractions. She is 21 years of age, of symmetrical form, and only 32 inches in height. She has a finely moulded head and bust, and her face indicates a high degree of intelligence and refinement. She was exquisitely dressed, and is "every inch a lady." She will soon sail for England, where she will be introduced to her Majesty Queen Victoria, and other members of the royal household, after which she will pay her respects to other crowned heads in Europe.

The Springfield *Republican* speaks a good word for a hard-working reformer, to which we are glad to say ditto:

"The Rev. George Trask, whose war against tobacco is prosecuted with a great deal more energy than the war of the National government against the rebels, and whose prayers for 'grit and grace' are persistent, earnest and effectual, appears in the autumnal number of his *Anti-Tobacco Quarterly*, prompt and peremptory as ever. Four pages of the number are devoted to an appeal to Rev. Dr. Spring of New York, whose tobacco-box, made historical by its public appearance at the meeting of the Tract Society in May, '59, at the Academy of Music, is thus commemorated at length. Mr. Trask understands human nature, and knows that a proud man will often bestow a favor where he would on no account receive one, and he earnestly implores on no account receive one, and he earnestly implores his reverend brother to make him a present of this box. When obtained it will be one of the choicest trophies in his cabinet of spoils. His zeal as a reformer is unabated, and his tracts for the army and navy are readable and practicable, which is more than can be said of all missives of the name."

Miss Anna E. Dickinson lectured at Hopedale, Mass., Dec. 14, on "Woman's Voting," and in the evening of the same day at Milford, on "Slavery and the War." Says *The Progressive Age:* "Her lecture at Milford, we learn, was said, by many hearers, to have evinced greater statistic research on the state of the country than that of any previous lecturer (and there has been a long list of them) on the same general theme. A rhetoric and style of elocution somewhat more perfected would leave this youthful speaker almost without a rival on Freedom's platform." Miss Dickinson lectured on "The Nation's Peril" in Concord, N. H., Dec. 20. *The Independent Democrat* says:

"Miss Dickinson is modest and unassuming in her appearance, but possesses rare intellectual qualities. She speaks with accuracy and distinctness, with a pleasant and well-modulated voice. She discussed boldly the questions involved in the present war, commencing back to quite an early period in our history. In discussing the conduct of the war, she handled 'Little Mac' and sundry other pro-slavery Generals without gloves, as she did also the Democratic party generally, both North and South. She also showed wherein President Lincoln has been unfortunate in calling so many Generals into the field who are opposed to him in sentiment, and also in relation to the conduct of the war. The Church was so crowded that many were obliged to stand during the lecture, which occupied nearly two hours, but none appeared to be weary."

Theodore Tilton delivered a lecture upon "The President's Proclamation" at Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., on the evening of Dec. 26th. He had a large audience, and the lecture gave general satisfaction. The same lecture, in substance, was lately delivered at Worcester, Mass., and we copy as follows from a notice thereof in *The Palladium:*

"The majority of the audience were older than the speaker; and yet they listened, almost reverently, it seemed, at times, as if youth had most at stake in this mighty struggle. Well it was that the lecturer, seeing, as every one saw, the gloomy cloud that shrouded us (in view of the disaster at Fredericksburg), could look above it and beyond it, and remind us that we were not fighting for the *Union*, which we can buy upon slavery's terms, but for liberty for the white man as well as the black. Well that he besought us, as he repeated bitter truths concerning our government, military and civil, to stand firm in our faith in the final triumph of right, never forgetting that if our cause fails the retribution will be more than we can bear—a retribution not alone for the present but for the vast future. The lecture was an eloquent appeal for liberty and right; an earnest entreaty to endure to the last, to allow no compromise with slavery, however plausible its pretexts; to stand boldly forth in favor of justice and the equal rights of man. Its illustrations were singularly apt and telling, and the lecturer was continually interrupted by bursts of applause and irrepressible 'sensations.' By good judges it was pronounced 'the best of the season.'"

We hear with much satisfaction that Theodore D. Weld is meeting with good success as a lecturer in Massachusetts. *The Liberator*, in announcing that he would speak last Sunday in Abington, took occasion to say:

"We bespeak for him a crowded audience, assuring all who attend that they will enjoy even an intellectual treat not often presented from any platform or pulpit; while they will also witness a presentation and defense of the highest political, moral and spiritual truths, that never fail of producing a marked effect upon his hearers. Much and most excellent speaking as we have heard from the Anti-Slavery platform, for upwards of a quarter of a century, we have seldom, if ever, been privileged to listen to a speaker who more entirely satisfied and delighted us than Mr. Weld. Having had large experience in the anti-slavery cause, when it perilled every prospect in life, and life itself, to be known as its advocate, and having watched with a most vigilant eye every change and movement of the cause since, no man living is better qualified to instruct his hearers, or wisely interpret the signs of the times."

The Oberlin (O.) *News* says that Mr. Weld has accepted an invitation to deliver one or more lectures in that place some time in February, and it adds:

"Such an announcement as this twenty years ago would have brought out every man, woman and child in Oberlin. Then he was perhaps unrivalled as a speaker by any orator in the land. On one occasion (so we have heard the old residents relate) he spoke here for *twenty-one evenings in succession*, and the same audiences attended night after night with undiminished interest. We do not hear that his long silence, which reasons of health have compelled him, until now, to keep, has weakened the burning power of his eloquence or the masterly strength of his mind."

Wm. Whiting, Esq., of Roxbury, Mass., has received the appointment of Solicitor and Special Counsel of the War Department, from the U. S. government. His duties are, to take measures to protect the government from immense losses by frauds of contractors, from the effects of which the treasury has lost millions, and to act as counsel to the Department in relation to the numerous and difficult questions of constitutional or statute law, which the Secretary of War has found it impossible to decide, owing to the extraordinary pressure of his labors. Mr. Whiting is the author of a very able argument on the War Powers of the President—"an argument," says Wendell Phillips, "whose wealth of illustration, closeness of logic, and kindling eloquence, place it among the highest judicial efforts. Now and then there are speeches and arguments which may be fairly said to dispose of the question at issue. According to John Quincy Adams, the speech of Uriah Tracy on the purchase of Louisiana was one of these. By common consent Mr. Webster's reply to Hayne enjoys this repute. I think Mr. Whiting's argument on 'The War Powers of the President' entitled to a place beside them." And Mr. Phillips adds: "In the thirty years of our anti-slavery struggle, we have been often told by lawyers that they planned to achieve professional repute and then lay it on the slave's altar. Very rarely has that pledge been kept. In this instance it has been nobly fulfilled, and one whose long practice in the highest courts and most important questions give his mere opinion the weight of argument, has hastened to throw his well-earned fame into the scale of justice and free institutions and humanity. We only who know well the value of the arsenal of weapons he has furnished us can fitly appreciate the gift."

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News.

The mystery of the Banks Expedition is cleared up. Banks has superseded Butler at New Orleans, and his first duty is to open the Mississippi, in conjunction with the expedition going down from Cairo. Baton Rouge is already in our possession, and it is rumored that Port Hudson, a strong rebel point, has been taken. The attack on Vicksburg is not likely to be long delayed. Texas, also, will be attended to in due season.

The Vanderbilt steamship Ariel, which arrived at this port from Aspinwall on Saturday night, on her outward trip, was captured by the pirate Alabama on the 7th ult., near the east end of Cuba. She was detained until the 10th ult., and then allowed to proceed on her voyage, after giving a ransom bond in the sum of $228,000. She had on board a quantity of arms and ammunition, which was taken out by the Alabama, and a detachment of one hundred and twenty marines who were paroled. Among other plunder taken was $8,600 in "greenbacks" belonging to Wells, Fargo & Co. The pirate seems to have overtaken the Ariel with the greatest ease.

Twenty-five hundred rebel cavalry, with six pieces of artillery, under command of Fitzhugh Lee, attacked our forces at Dumfries, on Saturday afternoon, and after a brisk fight of some three hours were repulsed, and retreated toward Warrenton, our cavalry in pursuit. Our loss was slight.

Gen. Curtis has given official notice to the War Department of the achievement of Gens. Blunt and Herron, with a portion of the Army of the Frontier, in marching from Fayetteville across the Boston Mountains and capturing Van Buren, on the Arkansas river. They moved over the mountains on Saturday, and marched to the river without halting, the cavalry in advance. The enemy was driven across the river—some of them being killed and wounded—and three steamboats, some camp equipments and a hundred prisoners were captured. The march of forty-five miles, with arms and service, over the mountains and through the deep mud of the valley, Gen. Curtis characterizes as a most gallant and arduous affair.

A Nashville correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* makes a very important statement in connection with the present condition of affairs in the vicinity of Nashville. He states that Gen. Rosencranz's entire army has, for some time past, been subsisted on forage gathered in the neighborhood of the city, and that not an ounce of the rations transported thither by rail from Louisville has yet been touched. The supplies in the country around Nashville are by no means yet exhausted.

A dispatch from Memphis, dated Dec. 24, states that in consequence of the disturbances in the vicinity of that city the elections for Congressmen in the neighboring districts had been postponed for twenty days.

REBEL FEARS OF EMANCIPATION.

Savage Proclamation of Jeff. Davis.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES—A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, a communication was addressed on the 6th day of July last, 1862, by Gen. Robert E. Lee, acting under the instructions of the Secretary of War of the Confederate States of America, to Gen. H. W. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, informing the latter that a report had reached this government that Wm. B. Mumford, a citizen of the Confederate States, had been executed by the United States authorities at New Orleans for having pulled down the United States flag in that city before its occupation by the United States forces, and calling for a statement of the facts, with a view of retaliation if such an outrage had really been committed under the sanction of the authorities of the United States;

And whereas (no answer having been received to said letter) another letter was, on the 2d of August last (1862), addressed by Gen. Lee, under my instructions, to Gen. Halleck, renewing the inquiries in relation to the execution of the said Mumford, with the information that in the event of not receiving a reply within fifteen days, it would be assumed that the fact was true, and was sanctioned by the government of the United States;

And whereas, An answer dated on the 7th of August last (1862), was addressed to Gen. Lee by Gen. H. W. Halleck, the said General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, alleging sufficient causes for failure to make early reply to said letter of the 6th July, asserting that "No authentic information had been received in relation to the execution of Mumford, but measures will be immediately taken to ascertain the facts of the alleged execution," and promising that Gen. Lee should be duly informed thereof;

And whereas, On the 25th of November last (1862), another letter was addressed, under my instructions, by Robert Ould, Confederate agent for the exchange of prisoners, under the cartel between the two governments, to Lieut-Col. W. H. Ludlow, agent of the United States under said cartel, informing him that the explanation promised in the said letter of Gen. Halleck, of the 7th of August last, had not yet been received, and that if no answer was sent to the government within five days from the delivery of this last communication, it would be considered that an answer is declined;

And whereas, In a letter dated on the 3d day of the present month of December, the said Lieut.-Col. Ludlow apprized the said Robt. Ould that the above-recited communication of the 19th of November had been received and forwarded to the Secretary of War of the United States, and whereas this last delay of fifteen days allowed for answer has elapsed and no answer has been received;

And whereas, in addition to the tacit admission resulting from the above refusal to answer, I have received evidence fully establishing the truth of the fact that the said William B. Mumford, a citizen of the confederacy, was actually and publicly executed in cold blood by hanging, after the occupation of the city of New Orleans, by the forces under Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, when said Mumford was a unresisting and non-combatant captive, and for no offence even alleged to have been committed by him subsequent to the date of the capture of the said city;

And whereas, The silence of the government of the United States, and its maintaining of said Butler in high office under its authority for many months after his commission of an act that can be viewed in no other light than as a deliberate murder, as well as of numerous other outrages and atrocities hereafter to be mentioned, afford evidence too conclusive that the said government sanctions the conduct of the said Butler, and is determined that he shall remain unpunished for these crimes:

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and in their name, do pronounce and declare the said Benjamin F. Butler to be a felon, deserving of capital punishment. I do order that he shall no longer be considered or treated simply as a public enemy of the Confederate States of America, but as an outlaw and common enemy of mankind, and that, in the event of his capture, the officer in command of the capturing force do cause him to be immediately executed by hanging.

And I do further order that no commissioned officer of the United States, taken captive, shall be released on parole, before exchange, until the said Butler shall have met with due punishment for his crimes.

And whereas, The hostilities waged against this confederacy by the forces of the United States, under the command of said Benjamin F. Butler, have borne no resemblance to such warfare as is alone permissible by the rules of international law or the usage of civilization, but have been characterized by repeated atrocities and outrages, among the large number of which the following may be cited as examples:

Peaceful and aged citizens, unresisting captives and non-combatants, have been confined at hard labor, with chains attached to their limbs, and are still so held in dungeons and fortresses:

Others have been submitted to a like degrading punishment for selling medicines to the sick soldiers of the confederacy:

The soldiers of the United States have been invited and encouraged in general orders to insult and outrage the wives, the mothers, and the sisters of our citizens:

Helpless women have been torn from their homes, and subjected to solitary confinement, some in fortresses and prisons, and one especially on an island of barren sand under a tropical sun; have been fed with loathsome rations that had been condemned as unfit for soldiers, and have been exposed to the vilest insults:

Prisoners of war, who surrendered to the naval forces of the United States on agreement that they should be released on parole, have been seized and kept in close confinement:

Repeated pretexts have been sought or invented for plundering the inhabitants of the captured city, by fines levied and collected under threats of imprisoning recusants at hard labor with ball and chain. The entire population of New Orleans have been forced to elect between starvation by the confiscation of all their property, and taking an oath against conscience to bear allegiance to the invader of their country;

Egress from the city has been refused to those whose fortitude withstood the test, and even to lone and aged women, and to helpless children; and after being ejected from their homes, and robbed of their property, they have been left to starve in the streets or subsist on charity:

The slaves have been driven from the plantations in the neighborhood of New Orleans until their owners would consent to share their crops with the Commanding-General, his brother, Andrew J. Butler, and other officers, and when such consent had been extorted the slaves have been restored to the plantations, and there compelled to work under the bayonets of the guards of United States soldiers. Where that partnership was refused, armed expeditions have been sent to the plantations to rob them of everything that was susceptible of removal:

And even slaves, too aged or infirm for work, have, in spite of their entreaties, been forced from the homes provided by their owners, and driven to wander helpless on the highway:

By a recent General Order, No. 91, the entire property in that part of Louisiana west of the Mississippi River has been sequestrated for confiscation, and officers have been assigned to duty with orders to gather up and collect the personal property, and turn over to the proper officers, upon their receipts, such of said property as may be required for the use of the United States army; to collect together all the other personal property and bring the same to New Orleans, and cause it to be sold at public auction to the highest bidders—an order which, if executed, condemns to punishment, by starvation, at least a quarter of a million of human beings, of all ages, sexes, and conditions, and of which the execution, although forbidden to military officers by the orders of President Lincoln, is in accordance with the Confiscation law of our enemies, which he has effected to be enforced through the agency of civil officials;

And, finally, The African slaves have not only been incited to insurrection by every license and encouragement, but numbers of them have actually been armed for a servile war—a war in its nature far exceeding the horrors and most merciless atrocities of savages;

And whereas, The officers under command of the said Butler have been in many instances active and zealous agents in the commission of these crimes, and no instance is known of the refusal of any one of them to participate in the outrages above narrated;

And whereas, The President of the United States has, by public and official declarations, signified not only his approval of the effort to excite servile war within the confederacy, but his intention to give aid and encouragement thereto, if these independent States shall continue to refuse submission to a foreign power after the first day of January next, and has thus made known that all appeal to the law of nations, the dictates of reason, and the instincts of humanity would be addressed in vain to our enemies, and that they can be deterred from the commission of these crimes only by the terrors of just retribution:

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and acting by their authority, appealing to the Divine Judge in attestation that their conduct is not guided by the passion of revenge, but that they reluctantly yield to the solemn duty of redressing, by necessary severity, crimes of which their citizens are the victims, do issue this my proclamation, and by virtue of my authority as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Confederate States, do order:

First: That all commissioned officers in the command of said Benjamin F. Butler be declared not entitled to be considered as soldiers engaged in honorable warfare, but as robbers and criminals deserving death; and that they, and each of them be, whenever captured, reserved for execution.

Second: That the private soldiers and non-commissioned officers in the army of said Butler be considered as only the instruments used for the commission of crimes perpetrated by his orders and not as free agents; that they, therefore, be treated, when captured, as prisoners of war, with kindness and humanity, and be sent home on the usual parole that they will in no manner aid or serve the United States in any capacity during the continuance of this war, unless duly exchanged.

Third: That all negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the executive authorities of the respective States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of said States.

Fourth: That the like orders be executed in all cases with respect to all commissioned officers of the United States when found serving in company with said slaves in insurrection against the authorities of the different States of this confederacy.

In testimony whereof I have signed these presents, and caused the seal of the Confederate States of America to be affixed thereto, at the City of Richmond, on this 23d day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1862.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By the President: J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

[For audacious falsehood, snivelling hypocrisy, and savage malevolence, the above proclamation may challenge comparison with any state paper issued since the expulsion of Satan from Heaven!]

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

LOOKING FOR BLACK SOLDIERS.—Under date of Beaufort, S. C., Dec. 8, the correspondent of *The Tribune* writes: On Wednesday, Dec. 3, the steamer Ben de Ford left this pretty little town on a trip to North Island, S. C., about fifteen miles below Georgetown, S. C., for the purpose of gathering up the contrabands who were assembled there, and who had managed to escape from the districts in the neighborhood of the Santee and Peedee Rivers. The steamer was in charge of Capt. J. C. Anderson, Aid-de-Camp to Brig.-Gen. Saxton, Military Governor. This able and efficient officer has made several trips to North Island and Fernandina, Fla., and has always succeeded in gathering up a large number of contrabands, and obtaining a large number of able-bodied recruits for the 1st South Carolina Volunteers. His kind treatment, in furnishing ample supplies of food and clothing to the starving and destitute slaves, who, at the hazard of their lives, have fled from bondage, has gained him a host of friends. On the 4th of December we anchored in Winnegaw Bay, opposite North and South Islands. Dec. 6, Capt. Anderson went ashore on North Island, to gather up the contrabands (the weather on the 5th being very rough and rainy). I had the pleasure of accompanying him ashore, and visiting those who lately, by the darkness of night and by stealth, made their escape from slavery. At noon the contrabands, sixty-four in number, comprising men, women and and children, were all aboard. The small number is accounted for by the fact that the planters near the seaboard have withdrawn all their slaves into the interior. At 5 p.m. the steamer Ben de Ford was put in charge of the pilot and taken out over the bar. As we were going out the happy negroes commenced to sing hymns of praise; they danced, shouted, grinned, laughed and exhibited every token of joy. No Ethiopian serenader ever trod the boards and gave such exquisite entertainments to an admiring audience, as were given by the poor negroes escaping from the land of bondage.

They now felt for the first time that they were free, and at night, on bended knees, they poured forth at the mercy seat of their Maker, the humble offerings of their hearts in thanksgiving and prayer. On Sunday, Dec. 7, about noon, we arrived in sight of Beaufort, S. C. As we neared the village, every one of them gathered on the promenade deck and joined in one of their lively plantation tunes. The first verse runs thus:

"Room enough, room enough,
Room enough in heaven, my Lord;
Oh, I can't stay behind, my brother,
I can't stay behind.
Oh, I can't stay behind, my sister,
I can't stay behind."

A LETTER FROM A DEMOCRAT.—Extract from a letter received from an officer of an Illinois regiment, who left here in September last, a strong Democrat

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE AFRICAN'S HYMN.

JANUARY 1st, 1863.

TUNE—"*Crossing over Jordan.*"

I.

"ALL glory to the Highest!
On Earth good will to men"—
Echoes through every valley,
Resounds through every glen.
Hallelujah! We are free!
We have no Master, Christ, but Thee.

II.

To-day, the sun of heaven
Shines on no fettered slave!
To-day, the mighty Ocean
Bears freemen on her wave.
Hallelujah! We are free!
We have no Master, Christ, but Thee.

III.

Peace, with ten thousand blessings,
Shall rule with gentle sway;
We hail, in grateful homage,
The Prince of Peace, this day.
Hallelujah! We are free!
We have no Master, Christ, but Thee.

IV.

All glory to Jehovah!
Now may his kingdom come;
Now may the strife be over;
The victory is won!
Hallelujah! We are free!
We have no Master, Christ, but Thee.

THE FUNERAL OF THE POET UHLAND.

BY MARY H. C. BOOTH.

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND, Nov. 27, 1862.

To the Editors of The Independent.

To whom has Ludwig Uhland failed to sing, and on what has his muse been silent? Surely upon nothing good, or grand, or beautiful!

Beneath the sacred sod, in his poet-grave at Tübingen, sleeps the great singer and patriot, for whom the mighty German heart mourns with one sorrowing thrill.

There, where the sweet key-note first sounded, among the majestic hills, to which the grand anthem of his life was so melodiously attuned—where its music swelled and soared, and from whence it ran round the world in undying echoes, its last notes sank to silence. In the twilight of the day and year, and of his loving life, the life-lamp went out in its socket. He died, where he was born and lived, on the evening of the 14th of November, 1862, at his home in Tübingen, Germany, aged seventy-six years.

No German poet, not even excepting Schiller and Goethe, is so familiarly known to American readers in general, through the medium of small translations, as Uhland. We find his poems in reading-books, in newspapers, in scrap-books—scattered all about. His songs of the Minnisingers are, perhaps, the most universally attractive; their ideal romance is enchanting. But I cannot love him more than in his smallest, simplest bursts of melody; as, for instance,

POET BLESSINGS.

As I passed a cultured way,
Listening to the Lark's sweet lay,
I beheld a Laborer there,
Working, with his silver hair.

Blessings—cried I—on the Field;
Rich its golden harvest yield!
Blessings on this withered hand,
Sowing still the fruitful land.

Spake to me his earnest face,
"Poet blessings out of place,
Bringing, like the heaven's scorn,
Crops of Flowers instead of Corn!"

Friend! my simple minstrel powers
Waken not too many flowers,
Only what the gleaners may
Leave your grandson for his play

A distinguished German artist has taken for the theme of one of his most beautiful and exquisite paintings Uhland's well-known

SHEPHERD'S SABBATH-SONG.

God's holy day is here,
In the wide pastures I am all alone,
Only one bell's sweet tone—
And silence, far and near.

Prayerful, I bend the knee.
Mysterious awe!—Oh, sweet to feel
How many at this moment kneel,
Unseen, and pray with me.

The heavens that arch away,
So clear their tranquil scope—
As if the clouds would ope.—
It is God's holy day.

The artist has thrown the whole soul of the verses upon his canvas; the very atmosphere is laden with prayer and stillness, and with Sabbath peace.

Among his minor songs, perhaps none are more universally known, none more sure to be found in every nook and corner of Germany and Switzerland, than

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

Have you ever seen that kingly house—
That high house by the sea;
The golden and the rosy clouds
Above its turrets flee:

And fain it would lean downward
To the mirroring wave below,
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening sunset's glow?

Indeed, and I have seen it,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it beaming,
And the mists that round it flee.

The winds and ocean's billows
Sung, as they surged along.
Didst thou hear from the hall of the castle
The harp, and festal song?

The winds and the waves are dying
Still, in their mystic spheres.—
A song of mourning from the hall
I heard amid my tears.

Saw'st thou upon the turrets
The King walk with his Queen,
Their crimson mantles waving,
Their jeweled crown's bright sheen?

And led they not in rapture
A beauteous maiden there,
Resplendent as the golden sun,
Glowing with golden hair?

I saw the regal parents,
In mourning robes arrayed;
I could not see the royal crown,
I did not see the maid.

The funeral obsequies in honor of the dead poet were of the most imposing and magnificent character, as befitted the last tribute of the nation to the memory of its most beloved singer and honored patriot. The coffin, as is the custom at European funerals, was placed outside the door of the house, and was completely covered with flowers. Twelve laurel crowns adorned its top. At the right and left of the head were the two crowns brought by the German and Schwaben Singers' Union, decorated with the German colors; between them, that brought by the academic scholars of the gymnasium; at the foot, the crown of laurel inwoven with roses, as the last token of love and devotion, by the *Liederkranz of Kirchenheim*. Upon this crown lay the single palm-leaf—emblem of peace—the offering of the Singers' Society of Stuttgart. As the coffin was lifted upon the hearse, the members of the *Stuttgart Liederkranz* and of the Academy's Lidertafel joined in the beautiful choral, "Shall not Love also weep?"

The hearse was drawn by four white horses, draped in mourning, led by eight students, four on each side.

The city was overflowing with strangers from every direction, far and near, who had come by the extra trains to take part in the funeral ceremonies. Singers, turners, firemen, and free-shooters came flocking to Tübingen that day, not only in hundreds, but by thousands—every society with its garlands and crowns of laurel. The procession moved slowly forward in the following order: the body, preceded by the dear old friends and school companions of the deceased, all with silver hair clad in the garments of sorrow; then came the *Academic Liedertafel*; students; the faculty of the University; *Stuttgart Parliament*; court and county officers; teachers of official institutions; Citizens' Associations of Stuttgart; Citizens' Guard; Citizens' Collegiates of Tübingen; music; deputations of the various Singers' Unions; Tübingen "*Gesangverein*"; citizens of Stuttgart and Tübingen; general participators and mourning deputations from various States and cities; turners' and shooters' societies; firemen.

The imposing appearance of the flower-decked flag of the "*Schwabischen Sangerbunds*," which, five years ago, first waved in festal splendor before the house of the poet, attracted universal attention, and, owing to its hallowed associations, was waved over the open grave.

On reaching the "narrow house," the *Academic Liedertafel* sang the first verse of the song,

"Silently the singer sleeps,
Whose ear has listened at the gates of other spheres."

Bishop Georgii of Tübingen then followed with the funeral discourse, every word of which was a pea but from which (for want of space) we only quote the following:

"The deathless poet crown which encircled his brow he ennobled, through high moral worth, stainless purity of life, unwavering truth, and child-like piety. A true son of the people, he dedicated his highest powers of thought, and language, and life, to the cause of his fatherland, and the right. Beloved alike in palace and in hut—by princes and by people—no German heart but loved him; no German tongue but praised. * * * * * * * Whether he sang of the Alpine glories, or of the meadow's peace, or in inspiring strains of the noble love for fatherland and for freedom, it was all the same."

While the coffin was being lowered to its last resting-place, the *Academic Liedertafel* sang the grand choral, "Christ is my Life"; and the bearers of banners waved them slowly, one after another, above the open grave. Then came the countless thousands with noiseless tread and overflowing hearts, to cast last lingering looks upon the crowned coffin that hid for evermore from mortal sight all that was "of the earth, earthy" of the dear dead songster. "*He is not dead*": even the little children cry, "Why, he sings." Yes, and the nations listen.

The oldest and dearest of the poet's poet-friends, his intimate companion for years, Karl Mayer, spoke with faltering voice the last tender farewell; the coffin was then covered nearly a foot in depth with garlands and laurel crowns, brought by private individuals and societies. Prof. J. G. Fischer, standing beside the open grave, in clear and thrilling tones, recited the following

ODE.

Holy the sacred spots where the footsteps
Of all high men have wandered: one there is
More holy—where over their slumbering ashes
Prayerfully gathers the Nation.

Where the last mile-stone stands, which a great life's
Life-border marks, whereon a name is graven,
The like of which the history of our time
Has not one such another.

And now to-day—O great and sunlit name,
Thou point'st thy people to the hallowed spot
To which thy spirit led them—point'st to show
How great the blessings of man's well-used powers.

The Master's benediction we accept,
With all the thousands who have come from far
To celebrate this great unusual day
O'er our immortal dead.

A moment, and we bid our last farewell,
And leave thee to thy slumbers, all alone,
Yet thy admiring people's heart will seek,
And find, strength by thy grave.

Weeping maidens, to whose hearts thy harp
Sang golden songs, will come with tearful vows,
And pledge to live the noble pictures out
Thou hast of woman drawn.

To you, O German sons, who swing the torch
O'er Uhland's grave in honor of his name,
He calls to you, and from the goblet bids
To Life's first struggle—forward!

Children in song! come here, come here, and learn
What are the songs, and what the loving deeds
Your nation deems its pearls of priceless worth—
Come to this grave and learn!

Up to the banners press the reverent crowd;
His spirit vein their honest soul ne'er moved;
They come to hear how clear the bright shield rings
Above the patriot's grave.

And when thou comest, thou Spirit of the Future!
And seek'st among the names of German sons
The first who broke their country's path to glory,
Thou wilt cry—LUDWIG UHLAND!

"*Ludwig Uhland!*" responded a resounding echo from the opposite hills—as if the spirit of the German people had thus confirmed the answer.

The grave was then filled, by the throwing of handfuls of earth upon the coffin by the thousands who passed by with drooping banners and strains of muffled music. The grave-hill was completely buried with crowns.

As the shadows of evening darkened, the students came with funeral tread, and marched solemnly in torchlight procession around the crowned grave.

They afterwards repaired, together with the University faculty, members of the clergy, and others, to one of the City Halls, where the last funeral services were closed, and the last chorals chanted.

"When the good man yields his breath,
For the good man never dies,
Bright beyond the fields of death,
Lo! the land of promise lies."

BEAUTIFUL MANUSCRIPTS FROM NEGROES IN AFRICA.

From The Independent

IT is not generally known in the United States that there are powerful negro nations in Africa in a state of civilization so advanced, that public schools are everywhere established, the useful arts are practiced, manufactures and trade flourish, and the people are friendly, hospitable, and eager for knowledge.

Though all this is declared, or at least intimated, by various travellers, whose works are within our reach, few readers seem to have paid sufficient attention to them to have discovered it. Recently, however, very interesting evidence of it has been obtained in several Arabic manuscripts, procured by Presidents Roberts and Benson of Liberia, at the request of a gentleman of New York; and the mere sight of them would be sufficient to excite the admiration of our readers, by the evident skill, uniformity and perfection of the execution. They were written at Monrovia by educated negroes visiting that place from the interior.

These writings are curious in several points of view; but, as the object in sending for them was to do good on a large scale, their practical relations are worthy of the first consideration. They afford unquestionable evidence that the writers are intelligent and educated men; that they are sincere Mohammedans, and desirous of the conversion of their fellow-men to their faith. They speak with brotherly kindness to the persons who had requested a communication from them, declared the attributes of God which the Koran has copied very faithfully from the Old Testament, and depict in forcible terms the ruined nature of man, his exposure to eternal punishment, and the mercy of God to penitent believers. Even the most rigid Protestant Christian must admit the orthodoxy of many of the doctrines inculcated, and the justice and force of the appeals made to reason, conscience, and the Word of God. The high regard expressed for Mohammed, the low regard for Christ, who is only classed with the prophets, and the absence of every idea of a Saviour, will be lamented; but these and other evidences of fatal error will furnish a most solemn appeal to Christians to extend the knowledge of the Gospel to those nations which education has opened for us an accessible way.

This was the end proposed in procuring the MSS., and they prove the practicability of the plan referred to, which is to publish tracts in the Arabic language, conveying, with Christian knowledge, accounts of foreign countries, with illustrative prints and maps, to acquaint those distant and secluded people with the condition of Christian countries, their arts, sciences, power, institutions, etc. Their ignorance of other parts of the world is forcibly proved by *a description of China*, given in one of the MSS., which is fabulous and extravagant in a ludicrous degree. It should be borne in mind, however, by every reader that it is scarcely more so than some of the accounts contained in the celebrated "Travels of Somervill," which was the most popular book in the most civilized countries of Europe, four or five centuries ago.

These MSS. have been exhibited to us, with the accompanying letters of Presidents Roberts and Benson, and the translations of them, kindly made by Rev. Dr. Isaac Bird of Hartford, formerly missionary in Syria. He found the language in which they were written to be so nearly the Eastern Arabic that he expressed his agreeable disappointment, having believed the Western Arabic, or *Maugraby*, to differ in more important respects.

We referred, a short time since, to the communications made, about thirty years ago, by "Old Paul," a native of Footah, respecting the civilized condition of his countrymen. These MSS. corroborate his statements in some of the most important particulars. He said that books in various African languages were written in Arabic characters, and used in schools. Dr. Bird found that the concluding page of one of the MSS. he could not understand, and wrote in its place, "The remainder is evidently in some African language."

Various small publications in Arabic, already published by missionaries in the East, are adapted to first experiments in West Africa.

EXTRACTS FROM WEST AFRICAN MANUSCRIPT No. 3.
TRANSLATED BY DR. BIRD.

In the name of God, most merciful and gracious. May God bless our lord Mohammed, and thanks be to God, who is worthy of all gratitude and praise, the forgiver of sins, the possessor of the throne of glory, who created all things by himself, who created death and life, who created the earth and the heavens, and made all creatures in the heaven and in the earth, who made the race of man from water, [spermatic,] * * that might show and confirm, through mercy, what we wish, to every generation of people, of what time soever, even to 50,000 years. Said the high and exalted God: "We bring you forth as children, then you become old and die; and the day is coming when you will rush forth from your graves, as men that are running in a race." God, let him be exalted, says: "That will be a day that will make many faces black, and many others white."

O ye people! Fear God and serve your Lord. Do your good works before the resurrection day, and before the dissolution of death, for the present day is the day for work, and not for rendering accounts; but the coming day will be for giving account, and not for work. That day God has said will be one in which money shall not profit a man, neither will his children profit him, but only a pure heart. * *

"O you son of my brother, do not be a beast, bearing but learning not. Beware, yea, beware, lest you hear the truth without repenting, and thus debase yourself. If you are asleep, be roused; if you are ignorant make inquiry; if you are forgetful, refresh your memory; for here are the learned, ready at hand to instruct you; and said He on whom be peace, "Seek after knowledge." * * *

O ye people! remember God, and the day when you will be no longer master of any of your earthly possessions except only a winding-sheet to wrap and bury you in. Thence is a long journey, from which there is no return; and you will carry with you no treasure but that character which you obtained for yourself before death! * * * But, O my brother's son! that there is no good thing that a servant can do by which he will find Paradise, but it is given by the mercy of God to him that submits himself to his Lord. * *

The book is finished. The name of the writer is Mohammed Dekr, and the place of his birth is Dekurer; and the name of his country, Keni; the name of the great *Dar* [palace?] Mossadek; the name of the sea is Yoo-ah, and there are four roads leading to it; and the people go out from it to Sheik to gain property. And all the people of the country go and seek their fortune in Sheik.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"JANUARY FIRST, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE."

STAND like an anvil, when 'tis beaten
With the full vigor of the smith's right arm!
Stand like the noble oak-tree, when 'tis eaten
By the Saperda and his ravenous swarm!
For many smiths will strike the ringing blows,
Ere the red drama now enacting close:
And human insects, gnawing at thy fame,
Conspire to bring thy honored head to shame.

Stand like the firmament, upholden
By an invisible but Almighty hand!
He whomsoever JUSTICE doth embolden
Unshaken, unseduced, unawed shall stand.
Invisible support is mightier far,
With noble aims, than walls of granite are;
And simple consciousness of justice, gives
Strength to a purpose while that purpose lives.

Stand like the rock that looks defiant
Far o'er the surging seas that lash its form!
Composed, determined, watchful, self-reliant,
Be master of thyself, and rule the storm!
And thou shalt soon behold the bow of peace
Span the broad heav'ns, and the wild tumult cease:
And see the billows, with the clouds that meet,
Subdued and calm, come crouching to thy feet.

Kentucky, December, 1862. W. D. GALLAGHER.

A GREAT DAY IN THE FRENCH CONVENTION OF '94.

From M. Cochin's History of Emancipation.

NOT only did slavery subsist, but, far from ameliorating the lot of the slave, the superior agents of the Republic endeavored to stifle and extinguish all that might prepare him to become a freeman. Read the unpublished instructions of the Captain-General of Martinico and St. Lucia, dated Brumaire 19, year 11.*

"AT FORT DE FRANCE,
"19 BRUMAIRE, YEAR II. OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.
"THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF MARTINICO AND ST. LUCIA.
"*To the Commissioner of Government at the Court of Appeals in Session at Fort de France,*

"The French government has perceived, citizen commissioner, that the philosophical systems on the necessity of extending and generalizing instruction, suited, without doubt, to the education of a free people, are incompatible with the existence of our colonies, which reposes on slavery and the distinction of color. In preserving to Martinico the *regime* and laws of 1789, it has implicitly proscribed everything that may tend to overthrow the ancient colonial organization, whether by physical force or by public opinion. Now a deplorable experience has proved that the abuse of enlightenment is often the principle of revolutions, and that ignorance is a necessary bond of men fettered by violence or blighted by prejudice.

"It would, therefore, be dangerous imprudence to continue to tolerate schools in the colony for negroes and persons of color. What will they learn in these establishments? They will not draw thence the higher acquirements which make of the enlightened man the most absolute slave of the law; and their intellect, inflated by an imperfect and gross education, will unceasingly represent to them the colonial *regime* as the code of tyranny and oppression.

"These ideas,—long diffused by perverse or mistaken men, have sufficed to destroy our most flourishing settlements, and the wisdom of a representative government, which watches over the prosperity of Martinico, cannot suffer the continuance there of a deceitful spark, which will, sooner or later, light up the flames of a revolution.

"I have therefore judged it necessary, and I order you expressly, citizen commissioner, to *close all the public schools in which negroes and persons of color are admitted.* I shall inform the colonial prefect of the order which I give you in this respect, and concert with him on the measures to be taken to insure and legalize the execution.

"I have the honor to salute you,
"(Signed) VILLARET."

This most curious document is dated the 19th Brumaire, Year II. On the 16th Pluviose, of this same year, almost at the same moment, the abolition of slavery was decreed in the midst of the national convention, by acclamation, but by surprise.

On the 4th of February, 1794 (16th Pluviose, Year II.), a deputy from St. Domingo, a colored man, came to set forth to the representatives of the people the sufferings and reclamations of the slaves.

"I ask," cried Levasseur (de la Sarthe), "that the convention, without yielding to an impulse of enthusiasm, however natural under such circumstances, but faithful to the eternal principles of justice and equality which it has consecrated, faithful to the rights of man, decree from this moment that slavery is abolished over all the territory of the republic."

LACROIX (d'Eure-et-Loire). "In laboring on the constitution of the French people, we failed to cast our eyes on the unhappy men of color who are groaning in slavery in America, and posterity may reproach us for this forgetfulness, which involuntary as it is, is none the less culpable *in the sight of philosophy.* It is in vain to say that we know no slaves in France; is it not true that we leave in *slavery sensible and brave men*, who have reconquered their rights? Vainly shall we have proclaimed liberty and equality, if there remain on the territory of the republic a single man who is not free as the air he breathes, if there remain a single slave! Let us proclaim the liberty of men of color!

"Let this great example to the universe, let this principle, solemnly concentrated, reecho in the hearts of the Africans in chains under English dominion; let them feel all the dignity of their being, let them *arm themselves* and come to augment the number of our brothers and *votaries of universal liberty!*"

Levasseur attempted to proceed to enlarge upon his motion: "President," exclaimed Lacroix, "do not suffer the convention to dishonor itself by a long discussion."

Levasseur asked that his proposition should be put to a vote upon the spot.

The whole assembly rose, and voted by acclamation.

The president pronounced THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

Immediately shouts of *Long live the Republic! Long live the National Convention!* broke forth throughout the hall. The deputies from St. Domingo were led by Lacroix to the president, who gave them the fraternal kiss in the name of all the French; they then received it from each representative. The scene was repeated in the galleries; the colored citizens were embraced by their new brethren; tears of joy were in every eye, *long live liberty!* on every lip.

* The seal of the document bears France with a palm tree at her side, behind which is the sun; she is surrounded by divers attributes, and carries a balance in her hand, one side of which is weighed down.

DEATH OF JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. Sheridan Knowles. He was dangerously ill some weeks ago at Matlock, but on being removed to Torquay, he rallied, and hopes were entertained of his recovery. A change, however, for the worse took place during the past week, and on Sunday, at 6 a.m., he expired. Mr. Knowles was in his seventy-ninth year.

The deceased gentleman, a dramatist and author, was born at Cork, in 1784. About the year 1792 his father removed to London, taking with him his son James, then about eight years of age. Four years later his passion for the drama had displayed itself, and at that early age he wrote a play for a company of juvenile actors, of which he was himself the chief. At the age of fourteen he wrote the ballad of the "Welsh Harper"; he was soon after introduced to Mr. Hazlitt, whom he always mentioned with pleasure for his continuous kindness to him; and through Charles Lamb he made the acquaintance of the leading literary celebrities of the metropolis. After residing in London for some years he exchanged the English for the Irish metropolis as his residence; and in Dublin it was that his *début* as an actor was made. The success of the effort was not very promising, and for a time the stage was abandoned; though afterwards assumed at Waterford, where he was an actor and singer in the same company as Edmund Kean, for whom he wrote a tragedy entitled, "Leo, or the Gipsey," but which has not been preserved. Some years afterwards, having repaired to Belfast, in the theatre of which his first tragedy, "Caius Gracchus," was produced, he was induced to open an academy as a teacher of elocution and grammar. Subsequently he settled for some years in Glasgow, where his first standard drama, "Virginius," was produced and played with great success. In 1820, this fine play was brought out at Covent Garden, with Macready as Virginius, and, in the great centre of criticism, established Knowles's reputation as the first of living dramatists. He afterwards wrote the "Hunchback," the "Wife," the "Love Chase," "Women's Wit," "Love," etc., etc., all ranking among the highest efforts of dramatic genius. Mr. Knowles acted for years in his own plays, both in London and the provinces, and some of his personations, such as Master Walter in the "Hunchback," could not be excelled for their development of character. About ten years ago a pension of £200 was conferred upon him. In 1858, his health giving way, he proceeded to the Continent, remaining there for six months, and returning in 1859. Mr. Knowles wrote one or two theological works, which display a far more extensive acquaintance with doctrine and the law of controversy than could have been expected from his early training. He had been sinking for many months past.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S dead and gone:
You can see his leaning slate
In the graveyard, and thereon
Read his name and date.

"*Trust is truer than our fears,*"
Runs the legend through the moss,
"*Gain is not in added years,*
Nor in death is loss."

Still the feet that thither trod,
All the friendly eyes are dim;
Only nature, now, and God
Have a care for him.

There the dews of quiet fall,
Singing birds and soft winds stray:
Shall the tender Heart of All
Be less kind than they?

What he was and what he is
They who ask may haply find,
If they read this prayer of his
Which he left behind.

Pardon, Lord, the lips that dare
Shape in words a mortal's prayer!
Prayer, that, when my day is done,
And I see its setting sun,
Shorn and beamless, cold and dim,
Sink beneath the horizon's rim,—
When this ball of rock and clay
Crumbles from my feet away,
And the solid shores of sense
Melt into the vague immense,
Father! I may come to Thee
Even with the beggar's plea,
As the poorest of Thy poor,
With my needs, and nothing more.

Not as one who seeks his home
With a step assured I come;
Still behind the tread I hear
Of my life-companion, Fear;
Still a shadow deep and vast
From my westering feet is cast,
Wavering, doubtful, undefined,
Never shapen nor outlined;
From myself the fear has grown,
And the shadow is my own.
Well I know that all things move
To the spheral rhythm of love,—
That to Thee, O Lord of all!
Nothing can of chance befall:
Child and seraph, mote and star,
Well Thou knowest what we are;
Through Thy vast creative plan
Looking, from the worm to man,
There is pity in Thine eyes,
But no hatred nor surprise.
Not in blind caprice or will,
Not in cunning sleight of skill,
Not for show of power, was wrought
Nature's marvel in Thy thought,
Never careless hand and vain
Smites these chords of joy and pain;
No immortal selfishness
Plays the game of curse and bless:
Heaven and earth are witnesses
That Thy glory goodness is.
Not for sport of mind and force
Hast Thou made Thy universe,
But as atmosphere and zone
Of Thy loving heart alone.
Man, who walketh in a show,
Sees before him, to and fro,
Shadow and illusion go;
All things flow and fluctuate,
Now contract and now dilate.
In the welter of this sea,
Nothing stable is but Thee;
In this whirl of swooning trance,
Thou alone art permanence;
All without Thee only seems,
All beside is choice of dreams.
Never yet in darkest mood
Doubted I that Thou wast good,
Nor mistook my will for fate,
Pain of sin for heavenly hate,—
Never dream the gates of pearl
Rise from out the burning marl,
Or that good can only live
Of the bad conservative,
And through counterpoise of hell
Heaven alone be possible.

For myself alone I doubt;
All is well, I know, without;
I alone the beauty mar,
I alone the music jar.
Yet, with hands by evil stained,
And an ear by discord pained,
I am groping for the keys
Of the heavenly harmonies;
Still within my heart I bear
Love for all things good and fair.
Hand of want or soul in pain
Has not sought my door in vain;
I have kept my fealty good
To the human brotherhood;
Scarcely have I asked in prayer
That which others might not share.
I, who hear with secret shame
Praise that paineth more than blame,
Rich alone in favors lent,
Virtuous by accidents,
Doubtful where I fain would rest,
Frailest where I seem the best,
Only strong for lack of test,—
What am I, that I should press
Special pleas of selfishness,
Coolly mounting into heaven
On my neighbor unforgiven?
Ne'er to me, howe'er disguised,
Comes a saint unrecognized
Never fails my heart to greet
Noble deed with warmer beat;
Halt and maimed, I own not less
All the grace of holiness;
Nor, through shame or self-distrust,
Less I love the pure and just.
Thou, O Elder Brother! who
In thy flesh our trial knew,
Thou, who hast been touched by these
Our most sad infirmities,
Thou alone the gulf canst span
In the dual heart of man,
And between the soul and sense
Reconcile all difference,
Change the dream of me and mine
For the truth of Thee and Thine,
And, through chaos, doubt and strife,
Interfuse Thy calm of life.
Haply, thus by Thee renewed,
In Thy borrowed goodness good,
Some sweet morning yet in God's
Dim, æonian periods,
Joyful I shall wake to see
Those I love who rest in Thee,
And to them in Thee allied
Shall my soul be satisfied.

Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me
What the future life may be.
Other lips may well be bold;
Like the publican of old,
I can only urge the plea,
"Lord, be merciful to me!"
Nothing of desert I claim,
Unto me belongeth shame,
Not for me the crowns of gold,
Palms, and harpings manifold;
Not for erring eye and feet
Jasper wall and golden street.
What Thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive.
If my voice I may not raise
In the elders' song of praise,
If I may not, sin-defiled,
Claim my birthright as a child,
Suffer it that I to Thee
As an hired servant be;
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace:
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Grant that I his guide may be.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

So we read the prayer of him
Who, with John of Labadie,
Trod, of old, the oozy rim
Of the Zuyder Zee.

Thus did Andrew Rykman pray.
Are we wiser, better grown,
That we may not, in our day,
Make his prayer our own?

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A HERO OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.—Many years ago I met with a Frenchman who had been an active, if subordinate, ministrant in the Reign of Terror. In Petitot's Collection of Papers illustrative of that period, we find him warmly commended to Robespierre as a young patriot, ready to sacrifice on the altar of his country as many hecatombs of fellow-countrymen as the Goddess of Reason might require. When I saw this ex-official of the tribunal of blood, which was in a London drawing-room, where his antecedents were not generally known, he was a very polite, grey-haired gentleman of the old school of manners, addicted, like Cardinal Richelieu and Warren Hastings, to the composition of harmless verses. I have seldom met with one who more instantaneously charmed a social circle by his rapid and instinctive sympathy with the humorous of all around him—gay with the gay, serious with the serious, easy with the young, caressingly respectful to the old. Fascinated by the charm of his address, a fine lady whispered to me, "This, indeed, is that exquisite French manner of which we have heard so much and seen so little. Nothing now-a-days like the polish of the old *regime*."—*Sir E. B. Lytton in Blackwood's Magazine.*

Foreign Gleanings.

THE RUSSIAN EMANCIPATION is already beginning to show its good fruits. The government of Toula, which formerly had 10 village schools with 256 pupils, now, eighteen months later, numbers 1,123 schools with 16,387 pupils. In the government of Simbirsk the number of schools rose during the same period from 20 to 277, pupils from 375 to 4,192; in Podolia, from 306 to 1,288 schools, and 14,596 to 30,000 pupils.

CELEBRATION OF SCHILLER'S BIRTHDAY.—A great celebration was held on the anniversary of the birth of Schiller at Mannheim, in Baden, on the 10th of November. The Court of the Grand Duke were all present, and a statue of bronze, costing 24,000 florins, was raised. The procession was several miles in extent, and represented all the various trades with their appropriate insignia. It seems that Schiller once lived at Mannheim, and here he performed the first play in the theatre. By invitation the U. S. Consul for Frankfort and the U. S. Vice-Consul for Baden, etc., were present.

M. CHAILLU AND THE GORILLA COUNTRY.—At length we (*Athenæum*) have direct and decisive news from the Gorilla country. Our readers are aware that Mr. Winwood Reade and the famous Indian hunter known as "The Old Shekarry" went out to the Gaboon about a year ago. They arrived in the colony in the early Spring. The spirit in which they went over the ground described in M. du Chaillu's romance may be judged by the period during which they collected facts and held their peace. At the end of five months they are in a position to speak; and we venture to think that Mr. Reade's report will confirm the view at which all men of sense and science had previously arrived. No one doubted that M. du Chaillu had been in the country, and that he was a good-natured sort of man. People refused to believe that a book full of amusing contradictions and absurdities was *true;* and for this refusal they have now received from an English witness at the Gaboon a further and conclusive warrant.

WATER INSTEAD OF WINE IN THE LORD'S SUPPER.—The following extract from a letter of the Bishop of Nelson, New Zealand, is published as having been read at a meeting of his friends lately at Merton College, Oxford: "I came purposely to administer the Holy Communion (to a dying native), but I looked round in vain for the means—there was no wine nor any bread, but I could not go away without an endeavor to show 'the Lord's death' in some way as near to the Lord's own appointed way as circumstances permitted. I, therefore, made vessels of the beautiful muscle-shells, which abound on the sea beach, filling one with water, and laying on the other a piece of travelling biscuit, softened with water, and in this way I proceeded to celebrate the Holy Sacrament of the body and blood of our crucified Savior, not doubting, but earnestly believing that He was pleased to grant to that truthful partaker as full a share in all the benefits of His Passion as if a cathedral had been over our heads and golden vessels on the altar."

"THE AMERICAN CRISIS IN RELATION TO THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE."—(Snow: Paternoster row).—The Rev. Dr. Massie, whose enlightened opinions have long secured for him the respect of both the political and religious world, has just issued a small pamphlet in which he sketches with great force and ability the progress of those events in America which have culminated in the present sanguinary contest. The motives and objects of the contending parties are powerfully and vividly contrasted, and the evidence proving the sole cause of the rebellion to be a determination on the part of the rebel Confederacy to extend and perpetuate slavery is clear and overwhelming. The writer, at the same time, pays an eloquent tribute to the emancipation policy of President Lincoln. The issue of several tracts and pamphlets, and the almost daily delivery of lectures in which similar opinions are put forth, are encouraging signs of an awakening interest in the great struggle of the Northern States against slavery, and the pamphlet of Dr. Massie is an important and valuable contribution to the cause he advocates.—*Morning Star.*

WILLIAM JENKYN, THE MARTYR.—His mother was the granddaughter of John Rogers, the proto-martyr, in Queen Mary's reign. He was of the University of Cambridge, and was, in 1664, chosen minister of Christ Church, Newgate, and lecturer of St. Ann's, Blackfriars. Chalmers says, "He was committed to the tower because he refused to observe the public thanksgiving for the destruction of the monarchy." He must have been a strong individual man, for "on the Restoration he was thrown into Newgate because he would not conform nor take the Oxford oath." There he was treated with such rigor and cruelty that he died, suffocated by its poisonous air. A petition was presented to James II. for his release, backed by a certificate from his physician, to which that brutal, blood-loving Stuart replied, "Jenkyn shall be a prisoner as long as he lives." "A little before his death," he said, "a man might be as effectually murdered in Newgate as at Tyburn." Amidst all his sufferings he had the highest consolation. "Being found in the way of duty, in my master's business, though I suffer unto bonds, yet I am comforted beyond measure." He died in Newgate, January 19, 1685, aged 72.—*Christian Spectator.*

VICTOR HUGO ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The Republic of Geneva is about to revise its local constitution. The principal question to be decided will be with reference to the abolition of capital punishment. A member of the church of Geneva, M. Bost, the author of several remarkable works, lately wrote to M. Victor Hugo, asking him for his influence in the debate. That writer, who is an ardent advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, has now replied in a letter which occupies several columns of the Belgian papers. Victor Hugo eloquently and even passionately denounces the prevailing system. He mentions incidentally that his having at a very early age seen a woman branded in Paris first drew his attention to the fact that law can be brutal as well as lawlessness. He deplores the fact that capital punishment, condemned by so many noble and influential minds, should still prevail. "In England," says Victor Hugo, "where a woman reigns, a woman has just been hanged." He earnestly urges the Republic of Geneva to condemn the system of punishment by death.

AN ASTONISHED TOWN COUNCIL.—Alderman C. Sturge was elected Mayor of Birmingham, on Monday. His worship is a member of the Society of Friends, and a teetotaller. He had on previous occasions been requested to become a candidate for the office of chief magistrate; but the persuasive powers of the requisitionists never induced him to comply with their wishes until the present year. Having taken his seat after his election on Monday, Mr. Sturge said he believed he had satisfied the gentlemen who had waited upon him that in his case the council had not put the right man in the right place. A mayor, for instance, ought to be able to make a good speech, but he had never made a speech in his life, and was too old to begin (a laugh). Besides which he had been for forty-five years a teetotaller, and intended to continue so to the end of his days; and this, of course, if he had no other objection, would prevent his giving the entertainments, or even participating in the entertainments, which almost belonged to the office of mayor. The Birmingham *Post* says: "It is impossible to describe in one word the peculiar sensation produced by this announcement; there ensued that expressive silence which often marks the disapprobation of those who are unable through astonishment, or unwilling out of respect, to manifest their dissent audibly."

THE AMERICAN QUESTION AND THE COTTON FAMINE.—On Monday Mr. W. G. Langdon, late cotton manufacturer in Glasgow, delivered in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate street, a lecture on the American question and the cotton famine. Mr. W. Barker presided. Mr. Langdon, after some preliminary remarks, argued that slavery had caused the war and the cotton famine. He then described the social condition of the South, showing the demoralizing influence of slavery. Education and mechanical skill were on the side of the North, and it would be successful in the struggle. The rebellion had been utterly unjust, and he expressed his great surprise that Mr. Gladstone had, by his speech at Newcastle, given it support. He eulogized the emancipation policy of Mr. Lincoln and hoped that a strong feeling in favor of the North would be manifested in this country. If that was done the South would very likely see the hopelessness of continuing the contest, and by its submission the cotton, which would put an end to the famine, would be liberated. He concluded an able address by stating that discussion was invited. After other addresses had been delivered, a resolution approving of Mr. Lincoln's emancipation policy, and asserting that capitalists ought to look for cotton from any quarter of the world where it could be had, was then submitted to the meeting by Mr. Langdon and carried unanimously.

BYRON AND HIS GRANDSON.—The poet's sensitiveness on the subject of self comes out also in the grandson in another form. Byron felt it, but it did not give him strength to break away from the great world, which he was conscious of prizing too highly. His grandson felt it and would not be bound in the chains of that great world. When talked to about some points of aristocratic manners, he exclaimed, "What is a man worth if he cannot be himself a man—valued for himself and not for such things? I will go and be a man on my own account!" He would not be a thing stamped with a mark, and shaped into a certain form, for passing current among the stupid, who look only at externals. He would live for himself and by himself. And he kept his word to the death! Grandsire and grandson are gone. Peace to their ashes! To their own Master they must stand or fall—not to us. When Byron's daughter was laid in the vault with him there was in it one vacant space more. Lady Byron, consistent unto death, did not choose that it should be occupied by her remains. Let us hope that the young Lord Wentworth has been laid in the vault of Hucknall Church, with his mother and with the poet. And again, when October embrowns the Nottinghamshire woods, and the pilgrim to Newstead has worshipped at the shrine of genius, he will turn from it to the little country church, and, as he reflects on the three who sleep there—the poet, his daughter, and her son—he will forget all but the strange contrarieties of life with our wishes and our purposes, as exemplified in those three existences, of such short duration, but so richly endowed by fortune and by nature.—*Hedderwick's Miscellany.*

ENGLISH SYMPATHY WITH SLAVERY.—Next to the lamentable cause of the war, slavery, and its terrible results, it is to be regretted that Englishmen have forgotten the noble spirits who have labored, and labored successfully, in the cause of negro emancip